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"PEACE
ON EARTH AND GOOD WILL TOWARDS MEN."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1869.

THE CHRISTMAS EXTRAVAGANZA.

THE holidays are traditionally celebrated in England by extravagant pantomimes. The theatres exhaust all their resources in producing the most laughable absurdities. Harlequin and Columbine, and Cherry and Fair Star, and a hundred more grotesque but less familiar figures, disport themselves upon the stage, to the infinite entertainment of the dear young folks who have been feasting upon plum-pudding and are tired of snap-dragon. The most delightfully impossible things, the most absurd, the most startling, are the most vociferously applauded. The Lord of Misrule has his unchallenged way, and when Jack the Giant Killer rips open the paunch of a towering giant, or Hop o' my Thumb saves his brethren from the ogre, the youthful spectators shout and scream with joy. Who has not fancied the sympathetic pleasure of the good manager who prepares these surprises and delights for innocent youth? Who does not see him gazing through a convenient hole at the beaming faces that he has kindled with happiness, and regard him as one of the benefactors of his species? Who can not imagine him catching the contagion of pleasure and cheering lustily the performance he has himself prepared, or even, as it were, projecting himself into the audience, and from that point of view congratulating himself upon his great goodness?

We do not live in London, and the holiday pantomime at our theatres is usually a sombre and grave entertainment. But the manager of the White House makes amends for all. He will not let an innocent public lack the holiday antics of Harlequin and his crew, and it is easy to imagine his benign countenance as the curtain drew up on Christmas morning upon the absurdity which he had especially prepared. Indeed, on this occasion the good manager was his own chief performer, and the absurdity was unprecedented. The spectacle was a new version of the old jest of Barataria. The manager himself played the perpetual governor and lawgiver of the famous island, issuing the most laughably preposterous edicts, with an air of supreme and final authority which convulsed the audience with laughter. Indeed, there is nothing in the most amusing pantomime, or the most royal pretense of King Sancho Panza, more ridiculous than the good manager gravely assuming both to be the Government of the United States and to dispense with the laws at his pleasure. There is a person, for instance, by the name of DAVIS now under indictment for a capital crime, and in the Christmas pantomime the excellent manager represents himself as waving his august hand and exclaiming, like Harlequin slapping his lathe sword upon a cannon-ball and turning it into an apple-dumpling: "Let the laws go to grass, and let DAVIS go free!"

It was a very excellent jest, and the country is greatly indebted to this painstaking manager who, if his efforts to please have not always been successful, has yet never failed to try a new dodge when the old one failed. His comedy, however, is much superior to his tragedy, while it is in pure farce and irrational extravagance that he does himself most credit. Indeed, since the extravaganza of swinging round the circle, which had a considerable run, there has been nothing so exquisitely characteristic as the Christmas Amnesty. This entertainment had but one defect in its construction, and that was its limitation to the ruler's own supposed realm. King Sancho in his finer moments would never have been content with regulating Barataria. He would have laid the Continent under his royal rule. So the good author and manager of the Christmas Amnesty ought to have included Europe, Asia, Africa, and the isles adjacent. He should have proclaimed the opening of all restraining doors, the overthrow of every kind of barrier, the universal removal of disability. For it is an old maxim that when you wish you may as well wish for a million. When you enter Fairy-land it is as easy to take a step of seven leagues as of three feet. When you undertake to call spirits from the vasty deep you may as well—like innocent youth—"go it" to any imaginable number. This was an oversight which the worthy manager would doubtless correct if an opportunity were offered him.

But, unluckily, it will not be. This is his last appearance. After a varied performance of four years, during which—such is the lot of the most self-sacrificing devotees of the public favor—he has been more heartily and deservedly hissed than any previous performer upon the same stage, he leaves it with this extraordinary antic. Humpty Dumpty and other clowns sometimes quit the scene with a grimace, a word, or a movement, which brings down the House; but our present performer, original and irresistible, does not make a leg, nor a face, but with the fervor of Stiggins and the unctuousness of Chadband, lifts his hands of benediction and exclaims, "Blee-e-ess you, my children!" and so vanishes amidst a roar of laughter.

CABINET SPECULATIONS.

THE admirable silence of the President elect has strangely puzzled and somewhat moved the indignation of those who think their advice very essential to the wise government of the country. The speculations upon the Cabinet and the general policy of General GRANT are wholly without knowledge; and the opinion of one man is as good as that of another. Our friends the correspondents are busily making a Cabinet; and an occasional double-leaded dispatch from Washington informs us, with a solemn air of importance, that the General is in favor of economy, and again that he does not approve any waste of the public money; and one asserts that he thinks an extra session desirable; and that he told Mr. OAKES AMES, a representative in Congress from Massachusetts, who, as the Manager of the Credit Mobilier, is understood to make heavy contracts with Mr. OAKES AMES as Manager of the Pacific Railroad, that he doubted the wisdom of giving the public money to that enterprise, of which we all hear considerably more than we all know. Would it not be worth while for some of the daily papers to publish the speech of Mr. WASHBURN, of Wisconsin, at the last session of Congress, which told the story of the Pacific road in a very clear manner, but which for some reason failed to be laid very generally before the country?

Meanwhile, we may be very sure that General GRANT consults with those whose judgment he values, even at the possible risk of offending those whose opinions he does not care to know. If he should submit his Cabinet to the decision of a vote, he would probably be quite as far from a result as he would be without it, and should the voters happen to agree upon the Secretaries, it would by no means follow that they would make as good a Cabinet as one that he should select for himself. General SCHOFIELD will probably remain Secretary of War if he wishes, because General GRANT is known to think him a good Secretary. On the other hand—so easy is it to speculate with the rest—there is no doubt that he favors strict economy, and, therefore, he will hardly retain a Secretary of State whose aspirations for territorial extension by purchase show a lordly disdain of a struggling Treasury. Mr. WELLES's years and often infirmities seem to require release from the arduous toils of office, and as one guess, as we said, is as good as another, we guess that if Mr. EVARTS wishes to remain Attorney-General, he will do so. General GRANT was, with most of the party that elected him, favorable to the removal of the President when he was impeached; but we doubt if he considered Mr. EVARTS guilty of any serious offense when he became the counsel of the President. He probably approved the action of the National Convention, which declined to denounce Mr. FESSENDEN and Mr. GRIMES and Mr. TRUMBULL, however he differed from the conclusions of those gentlemen. Mr. EVARTS has been always a Republican, and was never deluded into the support of "my policy." He sits in Mr. JOHNSON's Cabinet, as Mr. STANTON did, and although technically Conservative in his general views, there is as yet no reason to suppose that a man of such character and ability, and political consistency, will be peremptorily set aside.

Of course this assumes that General GRANT's Cabinet will be composed of men of various shades of opinion within the party that elected him, a surmise which his character and the circumstances under which he was elected at least make probable.

MR. JAMES FISK, JUN.

THE old test, "I knew he was a gentleman by a remark he made," may be applied with a little change to a person by the name of FISK—Mr. JAMES FISK, Jun.—most honorably and favorably known in the late history of the Erie row. "I knew he was a gentleman by an act he did" would be the correct rendering as applied to Mr. JAMES FISK, Jun. Could any thing be more surprising to any body who knows the facts, who is familiar with stock operations, and especially Erie stock operations, who knows that the sense of honor among operators is fabulously delicate, and that honesty is a word too coarse to describe their forbearing charity—could any thing be more surprising than that the *Springfield Republican* or any other journal should even remotely and by implication have hinted the mere surmise of a suspicion that Mr. JAMES FISK, Jun., being in that line of business, was not the soul of honor and a Damascus blade of integrity? At least Mr. JAMES FISK, Jun., was surprised, and sued the journal for libel. By-and-by Mr. SAMUEL BOWLES, the editor, came to the city of New York—a city of which it may at least be said that its judiciary is unspotted by suspicion, and illustrious both by the learning and the character of its great magistrates—and his wife, who is an invalid, was with him.

Mr. JAMES FISK, Jun., always anxious to accommodate, as if he knew by his own observation or by that of others—possibly those worthy laborers for hire who are sometimes calumniously called spies—but whom we do not call so, for Heaven and the vast possibility of libel suits forbid that we should ever assert or distantly suggest that Mr. JAMES FISK, Jun., employs spies, and we do not so assert or distantly suggest; the conscientious Mr. FISK, we say, anxious to accommodate Mr. BOWLES ("Mr. BROWN, when would it please you to be hanged?"), sent him notice that he had transferred his suit to the New York courts. That must have been glad tidings to Mr. BOWLES, for if any thing could comfort a Massachusetts man, sued by a New York Erie operator, it must be the knowledge that the case was to be tried by a New York Erie judge, whatever such a magistrate may be; and if it be a libelous term, of which we have no knowledge, we declare no libelous intention in using it, meaning merely any upright MANSFIELD, or COKE, or MARSHALL, who sits in those last retreats of justice—by which we do not mean abodes inaccessible to justice—the New York courts.

At eight o'clock in the evening Mr. BOWLES was talking with some friends at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, when he was roughly seized by some persons who called themselves sheriff's officers, who thrust before him a paper which they said was a writ from that COKE of our judiciary, the learned and incorruptible M'CUNN; and they violently hurried Mr. BOWLES to a carriage in waiting, giving him scarcely time as they pulled him along to ask the friend with whom he was talking to tell Mrs. BOWLES that he was arrested upon "the FISK business." Being thrust into the carriage he was driven rapidly to the Ludlow Street jail, and upon arriving Mr BOWLES requested the jailer to furnish him the means of writing to his wife, and to the counsel of Mr. FISK. When the notes were written the jailer said that he could not send them that night; but soon after ten o'clock, when the friends of Mr. BOWLES began to assemble at the jail, the notes were sent. Mr. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, the chief counsel of Mr. JAMES FISK, Jun., received his note and endeavored to find Mr. JAMES FISK, Jun., but in vain. We congratulate Mr. FIELD upon a client so courteous, so upright, so free from all suspicion of meanness and guile, as Mr. JAMES FISK, Jun. Among the higher pleasures of the noble profession of the law to a man of cultivation and character like Mr. FIELD must be the opportunity it affords of co-operating with the COKE of our judiciary, M'CUNN, and of serving a public-spirited citizen like Mr. JAMES FISK, Jun.

The Sheriff, whose officers the men who arrested Mr. BOWLES professed to be, was finally discovered by Mr. GEORGE BLISS, a friend of Mr. BOWLES, at the house of a Mr. BROWN, attending a festivity in honor of the election of the new Mayor, Mr. A. OAKEY HALL, a gentleman of whom it may be said that his heart's desire is to free the city from the rule of a corrupt ring. Mr. JAMES FISK, Jun., was also there, so was M'CUNN, of the unspotted ermine—the just judge to whom Mr. Attorney-General EVARTS is supposed to have referred in his late dinner speech. But the Sheriff declined to do any thing; and when, later in the night, other friends of the prisoner thundered at the Sheriff's door, that worthy officer was so sound asleep after the exhausting fatigue of doing honor to the new Mayor that he could hear nothing. The next morning came a score of friends able and eager to sign any amount of bail-bonds; and after the completion of two bonds of fifty thousand dollars each Mr. BOWLES was released. "I knew he was a gentleman by an act he did;" and if any body had entertained any doubt that Mr. JAMES FISK, Jun., was a perfect gentleman he must now be satisfied. That he is a scrupulously honest and careful man; that the word swindling, as applied to his transactions in Erie, was a repulsive slander; that he is in trade the fit peer of Mr. Justice M'CUNN in the law; that all widows and orphans and prudent trustees instinctively turn to him when they would invest money safely; that he is a client in whom Mr. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD must have the utmost pride, has been long understood; and that the arrest of Mr. BOWLES was not a conspiracy between Mr. JAMES FISK, Jun., Mr. Justice M'CUNN, and the Sheriff of New York, and hugely enjoyed by that urbane new Mayor of whom the city is so proud as a true representative of the great metropolis of the continent—all this must now be clear to the dullest mind. Such events as this arrest deepen the public sense of security, heighten respect for the law, its magistrates and administrators, and give the down-trodden people of effete monarchies a glimpse of a Paradise they can not enter. It is in this view that gentlemen like Mr. JAMES FISK, Jun., and Mr. Justice M'CUNN appear not only as types of that conservatism of which the city of New York is the seat, but as boons to humanity.

THE TENURE-OF-OFFICE LAW.

GENERAL BUTLER proposes the repeal of the Civil Tenure bill, and it is stated that General GRANT also favors it. But the President elect has not yet declared himself, and we shall certainly not take his opinions from any body but himself. If he thinks the repeal of the law desirable he will give good reasons for it; but meanwhile the wisdom of the act seems to us plainer than ever. It was passed to restrain the evident danger of an immense executive power ruthlessly used against the will of the people. But, although this was the occasion of its passage, further reflection shows that such restriction of that power in our Government is peculiarly desirable when combined with a system like that of Mr. JENCKES's Civil Service bill.

Its first obvious advantage is its tendency to pacify and purify politics by preventing a national election from being merely a fierce bread-and-butter contest. When the tenure of the least office is no longer party success only, the office and the officer will begin to be more respectable. The chances of public favor for Mr. JENCKES's bill will be greatly increased, and an element of tranquillity will be introduced into our affairs which can hardly be prejudicial to the public interest.

Another, and a very important, advantage in the law is its relief to the President. The chief business of the Executive had become the distribution of patronage. The time that should be given by him, as a branch of the Legislature, to an intelligent consideration of the laws, was consumed by the interminable dispute whether Jones or Jenkins—neither of whom he knew—should be appointed; and whether it were more politic to disappoint Smith and his friends than Thompson and his. As the patronage increased the temptation to a use of it to further personal ambition became more alluring; and when Mr. RANDALL, the Johnsonian Postmaster-General, quietly informed the civil officers of this country that they were the President's pensionaries, the Pope's "poor gentlemen," and must do as their patron bade or lose their offices, he merely stated the inevitable and logical result of the old system. It is what it has been in every other country. The system of GEORGE THE THIRD in England, which nearly ruined the country and almost drove it into revolution, was one of "placemen;" and LOUIS PHILIPPE's hold of power in France, long after he had lost all hold upon public confidence and respect, was his vast army of place-holders. In this country it was Mr. JOHNSON's intention to put Mr. RANDALL's theory into the fullest practice, and to secure the ascendency of his policy by means of the vast army of office-holders, whose support of him and his plans would be the price of their offices. The indescribable mischief which could be thus done by a President, whether a minority or a majority President, bent upon his own purposes, wholly outweighs any probable disadvantage in a law of the kind we are considering.

President JOHNSON's veto of the Civil Tenure bill was the weakest of all his performances of that kind. He confined himself almost entirely to retrospect and avoided argument. His chief reliance was the fact that, although very eminent authorities differed upon the constitutional view of the question, yet custom had vested the power of removal in the President's pleasure. The reply to such a statement was conclusive, that experience had shown such a custom to be often prejudicial and always dangerous to the public welfare, and that a bad custom should be corrected by a good law. So also the arguments of the President's counsel during the Impeachment were useless. There was an original difference of opinion upon the constitutional theory which has always continued, and the law of Congress, passed over the veto, settled the true interpretation so far as Congress was concerned.

Are the general *principles* upon which the bill was passed less weighty now than they were two years ago? The *occasion* is, of course, not pressing as it then was. The new President is not only in accord with the convictions and policy of the party that elected him, but his character inspires so profound a confidence that, were the sole power of appointment vested in him, there would be no fear of its misuse. Indeed, the power of character is seen in nothing more strikingly than in the feeling of trust and hope that inspires the country now that General GRANT is to take Mr. JOHNSON's place, compared with the gloom and doubt that depressed it during Mr. JOHNSON's term. But the point we are considering is a principle of wise administration, not of persons. It is one in which General GRANT as a citizen is as much interested as any of us. The President, indeed, is the responsible executive officer of the Government, and it is urged with warmth that he should, therefore, be allowed to appoint his subordinates. But in the present enormous multiplication of civil officers, the President does not know, and does not pretend to know, the persons he appoints; and the reasons for their removal—for the power of suspension is allowed by the Act—can seldom be so peremptory that they can not await the investigation of Congress, except when they are reasons personal to the President, which are reasons that ought not to prevail.

Even the selection of the President's immediate advisers by himself has never been absolute; it has always been subject to the approval of the Senate; and it was one of the propositions at the beginning of the rebellion that the Senate, which was Democratic, should refuse to ratify Mr. LINCOLN's nominations. By the present bill the old Cabinet holds office for a month after the new President comes in, unless sooner

removed with the consent of the Senate; and the comity that has always ruled in the confirmation by the Senate of the new Cabinet will, of course, continue; while if the Senate would not remove the Cabinet at the end of the first month, it would not at the end of six months. The point for us to consider is, not whether it is agreeable to a President to remove the Secretaries at pleasure, but whether Mr. JOHNSON'S attempt to turn the War Department to his own purposes does not reveal a peril in administration which should not be tolerated. Ordinarily there would be no collision between the President and the Senate upon this subject; for they will generally be in accord politically, and should the President wish to change any member of his Cabinet there would be no trouble. In the extraordinary case, however, when it is not a question of personal taste, but of the public welfare, since the decision must lie somewhere, experience and reflection show that it should rather be with the Senate.

We are inclined to think that the principle of the Civil Tenure bill, as it is better understood, will be more heartily approved. But if the law is to remain, and at present we see no sufficient reason for its repeal, it should be supplemented by the Civil Service bill. If people are to be kept in office, let us have those that are worth keeping. And if they ought to be removed, they will be more wisely removed by the joint action of the President and Senate.

THE GREAT ROUTES—HOOSAC TUNNEL.

WE stated in our last issue that the contract for the full completion of this work, authorized by the last Legislature of Massachusetts, remained open to determine whether the security for its completion, required at first by the Executive, should be given or waived. Instead of giving security in the shape of bonds the matter was adjusted by accepting the stipulation of the contractors not to call for any payments until the State engineer shall certify that the work done, at less than average rates, shall exceed half a million of dollars, and that twenty per cent. of the remuneration shall stand as security for final completion. The contract between WALTER and FRANCIS SHANLY and the Commonwealth was signed on Thursday, the 24th December. The contractors agree to complete the tunnel and four and three-quarter miles of track (the latter rated at $14,000 per mile) for $4,592,000. By the first of May, 1869, they are to have the work under such progress as to carry down the central shaft 14 inches daily, and to form from two faces 250 feet of tunnel per month. By the first of May, 1870, the central shaft will have been carried down to the base of the tunnel, which will furnish two additional faces, after which the tunnel is to advance at the rate of 4900 feet per year. This will permit its completion in less than four years, but a year more has been granted, although it is expected that the work will be in running order in advance of that time.

This great enterprise, considered a marvel of engineering boldness and skill at the time of its origin, and over which the State has at times wavered, fearful of the issue, must now be considered as amply provided for. It is not at all improbable that the Mount Cenis tunnel owes its origin to this scheme, and that the vigor shown in piercing the Alps has in turn had its effect in the renewed energy of Massachusetts. The length of the Hoosac tunnel is about $4\frac{64}{100}$ miles, while that of Mount Cenis is 7 miles, 1044 yards. The latter was undertaken in the first instance by Sardinia, within whose territorial limits the mountain was situated, but by the cession of Savoy to France, and the subsequent adjustment of the boundary line, France acquired nearly one-half of the tunnel, and stipulated to pay that proportion of the cost, the work to remain throughout under the charge of the Italian engineers.

The Mount Cenis tunnel is constructed without the advantage of a central shaft, as the mountain attains an elevation above the tunnel of about one mile, while the length of the Hoosac shaft, located between the two spurs of the Hoosac Mountain, is only 1027 feet. When this shaft is completed four faces will be exposed to workmen, with the advantage of partial ventilation during the progress of the work, and subsequently in operating the road. In order to afford ventilation to the Mount Cenis workmen compressed air must be injected into the tunnel through iron tubes. The air is highly compressed near each portal by means of a mountain stream. This air, when emitted at the headway, furnishes not only a cool atmosphere sufficient for the lungs, but also constitutes a force or power for moving drills and for expelling the vitiated atmosphere. Compressed air for purposes of ventilation and for use as a motive power have been employed on the Hoosac tunnel, and will doubtless be adopted by the new contractors. The act for incorporating the Troy and Greenfield road, on the line of which the tunnel occurs, was passed in May, 1848. The act authorizing a loan of the credit of the State for its construction was passed in April, 1854. The Mount Cenis tunnel was commenced in November, 1857. Massachusetts stands alone in her expenditure, while the Mount Cenis tunnel is constructed with the funds of two great empires.

Upon the completion of this line Boston will have two routes to tap our great works which extend through the valley of the Mohawk. One by way of Fitchburg, Greenfield, the Hoosac tunnel, North Adams, and Troy, the other by way of Worcester, Springfield, Pittsfield, Chatham Four Corners, and Albany. It is part of the design to have a separate railroad from the Hudson, to run directly to Lake Ontario; and the question arises, what effect these enterprises will have upon the contest between this city and Boston for the command of the Western trade?

The line by way of Springfield encounters an elevation between that place and Pittsfield of 1450 feet above tide, and, in the ascent toward the west to this elevation, has a grade of 83 feet to the mile. The line by way of the tunnel rises, at the summit, between Fitchburg and Greenfield, to 1106 feet, and passes through the tunnel at an elevation of 838 feet above tide; but it has no grades steeper than 58 feet, while New York enjoys the benefit of tide-water from Troy or Albany to the ocean, and of a railway (the Hudson River) whose steepest grades are only fifteen feet. They occur at Poughkeepsie in the effort to reach a central point in the village, and may be avoided at any time by constructing the road at Poughkeepsie on the shore of the river. The Harlem road is less favorably situated for carrying through freights, as it is obliged to pass over the same mountain range through which the Hudson River makes a clean sweep, affording, at the foot of the mountain between Peekskill and Fishkill, a level line for the Hudson River Railroad track.

Except for about 104 days in each year, during which the river is closed with ice, we enjoy the immense advantage of the Hudson River, capable of floating the largest barges at rates for freight with which railroad lines can not compete, and at all times have lines of track which, when managed with a view to the public interest—an object not long to be delayed—must remove all fears of successful competition, and leave no motive, with even the illiberal, for not rejoicing at the energy of Massachusetts.

In extending her enterprise to Lake Ontario it will be impossible for Massachusetts to secure the advantage which the New York Central enjoys in passing through the Alleghany at the dip at Little Falls. The road and canal there are about 300 feet lower than Lake Erie, and but about 100 higher than Lake Ontario, whereas the line suggested for competition must pass over the mountain at unfavorable grades.

The supremacy of New York is assured for all time. It has the inestimable advantage of a canal and line of railroad which *descends* from Lake Erie to tide-water, with the exception of a trifling counter elevation, and has only 110 feet to overcome between tide-water and Canada. Our Eastern neighbors must lift the productions they seek in the West and in Canada over high summits, while they can reach New York on descending grades at low expense, except when in the winter our railroad lines are worked for private interest, with no high regard for that of the public.

If we had no road but the Erie we should be on a footing with the Atlantic sea-ports south of New York, as its grades are about on a par with those encountered by them. Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia are obliged to surmount elevations in the neighborhood of 1900 feet. North and South Carolina have high and nearly impassable mountains behind them, but South Carolina avoids hers by using the roads of Georgia, which are constructed around them and through an opening at Chattanooga in another range. The history of the Erie Railroad will be relied upon by many to prove that it was a great error in policy not to confine ourselves to *the route* indicated by nature for our canal and great lines of railway. WASHINGTON was the first to point it out when in command of the Revolutionary forces located in the valley of the Mohawk, and the first to express the hope that it would be improved. His education as an engineer enabled him at a glance to perceive that New York stood unrivaled in her facilities for intercourse by land and sea, and, consequently, for commercial supremacy.

THE SIMPLE QUESTION.

THE London *Pall Mall Gazette*, in a long article upon England and America, says that the American type of character is now fully formed, and that it is radically distinct from the English; and it adds, that the two countries are now morally and intellectually independent of each other. It is also of opinion that under such circumstances the common language upon which the American Minister so strenuously insists is a misfortune rather than an advantage, because a "common interest *plus* personal indifference" is an excellent ground for the transaction of business. The special business between us, however, the *Pall Mall Gazette* does not discuss. Whether England ought to confess that she did wrong, or whether we ought to be satisfied with the money and not claim that England shall change her policy adopted during our war, it does not say.

Very well; as the case stands the situation of England is clear enough. She has laid down a precedent which she must be aware will be used against her. The British Government, in trying to stop the departure of the *Alabama*, acknowledged that she was an unlawful ship, in other words—a pirate. But then the Government did not forbid the rebel ships the hospitalities of its ports, when it knew perfectly well that they had no ports of their own to enter. May a neutral nation encourage and equip pirates against a belligerent? The precedent of England says that it may. We repeat what we have already asked—why insist upon settling that point? It is not our affair; it is England's. If she is willing to leave the precedent neither we nor any other nation is likely to dispute it from the selfish point of view; for it annihilates England the moment she goes to war, and therefore ignominiously binds her over to keep the peace. We are not very likely to insist upon making it a question of war, because we can satisfy ourselves upon cheaper terms.

Nations, like individuals, can only escape certain dilemmas by eating humble pie. If, as now appears, there is a disposition to pay pecuniary damages for the losses by the *Alabama*, let us courteously agree and arrange the details. If we stop there, England can not. The British Government must partake of that distasteful pastry, and propose an understanding which will be a renunciation of the fatal principle, and which the other great Powers will gladly accept. And why should not this be done—not upon compulsion, of course, but frankly, and honestly, and reasonably? Upon the present principle of national action a Government will hardly apologize for its conduct, but it may imply an apology and show a very sincere repentance.

The new Ministry contains at least some men of high qualities, men who would gladly dispense with the mere pompous folly of diplomacy, and who are sensible enough to disregard a false sense of national honor. Mr. BRIGHT did not hesitate to say at Birmingham that while the British Government had a legal right to recognize the belligerent rights of the rebel States "we had no moral right to do it at the precise time, or in the precise manner in which it was done." This spirit inspiring the new Cabinet would do more than Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON'S Shakespeare and Milton to settle the *Alabama* question.

Mr. BRIGHT truly says, that whoever tries to create jealousy between the two nations is an enemy of the human race. Mr. GLADSTONE, we have no doubt, shares this feeling at least, and so does Mr. LOWE. They have only, then, to propose to the Government of the United States a practical renunciation of the principle upon which England proceeded, and to settle the claims. They necessarily have the initiative. And we are very sure that there is no intelligent and humane citizen of this country who would not hail with the heartiest satisfaction a proposition so honorable, which would allay the ill-feeling that now rankles in so many minds upon both sides of the water, and go very far toward removing that international jealousy altogether.

THE OTHER MR. JOHNSON AGAIN.

IT is a kind of strophe and antistrophe. No sooner has the voice of ANDREW suggesting swindling died away than there comes a fresh burst from REVERDY falling anew upon the neck, this time of Johnny Crapaud, and swearing more eternal friendship. Our worthy Minister has been to a banquet of some French friends of the rebels, who wish to lay a cable from France to this country, and the Minister of the United States informs them that "each State in the Union is sovereign, and that it the Company wished to carry their wires into Maryland, and the State assented, no one could hinder them from going there."

What the mischief, then—the gentlemen who dined Mr. JOHNSON must have inly asked—what the mischief did you interfere with the sovereignty of the States for? But they did not audibly ask it, satisfied to hear the American Minister concede the great dogma of the rebellion. What more remains for Mr. JOHNSON to do to misrepresent his country? In considering the utter failure of his mission, however, there is a melancholy feeling of sympathy for him that so huge a blunder will probably be the last conspicuous act of a long and busy life passed, much of it, in the public service. If his work had ended with his speech advocating emancipation he would at least have been mentioned in our history without a smile.

MR. BLISS IN PARAGUAY.

MR. WASHBURN, late Minister to Paraguay, has arrived in this country, and before this paper is printed may have made some public explanation of the extraordinary manner in which he is reported to have left his recent post. This explanation becomes the more necessary in consequence of the letter of Admiral DAVIS, dated at Montevideo on the 13th of November, in which he says: "Mr. BLISS, according to the latest accounts from Paraguay, continues in the service of President LOPEZ, and is engaged in the preparation of a work upon Paraguay."

This is certainly a very different tune. The last information that we, in this country, had from Mr. BLISS was a letter from him in which he stated that "the service" of LOPEZ, upon which he was likely to enter, was such as the inmates of Sing Sing render to the State, if not such as is required of the worst criminals at the gallows. But Admiral DAVIS'S letter suggests the picture of a counselor co-operating with "President" LOPEZ at head-quarters, or of a scholar elaborating a history in studious tranquillity. It is curiously at variance with the last account that Mr. BLISS gave of himself.

The attention of Mr. WASHBURN must have been called to the very positive expression of opinion which the report of the circumstances of his departure from Paraguay occasioned, and he will hardly care to leave such injurious reports unnoticed.

PENSIVE MOMENTS.

JOY with youth's dream of beauty blends;
A sunlit glow is round it shed—
Blown roses trampled under foot,
Skies blue and spotless overhead.
The angels of our happy hearts
Forever radiant we behold,
As those the monkish painters drew
Smile out of solid heavens of gold.

But, ah! fair being, I have learned
The lesson of sedater years,
And from the smiling throng I turn
To beauty more akin to tears;
To tender loveliness that wins
From sympathy a readier part,
And touches with diviner force
The chords of rapture in the heart.

The wonder of that perfect face,
The splendor of that peerless brow,
Must charm in every mood; but most
In that which shapes their beauty now,
When to a twilight-calm subdued,
The spirit, strongest in repose,
Creates a glory of its own,
And bright in every feature glows.

What tender memories of the past
Their hold upon thy heart retain?
What phantoms take familiar forms?
What silenced voices speak again?
What is the rapture, what the woe,
That thy full heart a moment frees—
The secret of thy inmost life—
In pensive moments such as these?

No sorrow weighs upon thy heart:
It is not sadness makes thee still:
The dreamy depths of those large eyes
No bitter tears of anguish fill.
Ah! no: the luxury of thought
And idle pondering is thine,
The silent rapture which alone
In pensive moments we divine.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS stands adjourned till January 5.

The Indian Peace Commission is to meet early in January. There seems to be a difference of views between the two Houses—the Representatives favoring the transfer of Indian affairs to the War Department, and the Senators the creation of a distinct department to take the place of the Indian Bureau. The war is in the mean while being carried on in accordance with the views of General Sherman. Camp Supply, 105 miles south of Fort Dodge, and in the heart of the Indian territory, is the centre of operations. It is midway between the reservations of the Cheyenne and Arrapahoe, and those of the Kiowa and Comanche nations, and has good water, and an abundance of wood and game.

The Common Council of Brooklyn has voted $5,000,000 toward the erection of a bridge across East River.

The cotton crop of 1867-68 amounts to two and a half millions of bales. The year previous it was only two millions.

The new bridge across the Mississippi, between Dunleith and Dubuque, was completed December 21. Its length is 1760 feet, and it cost $900,000.

The Registrar of Vital Statistics reports 885 deaths, 801 births, and 113 marriages in New York, and 140 deaths in Brooklyn during the week ending December 19.

The President on December 24 issued a proclamation bearing date December 25, granting full and free pardon and amnesty to all persons actually engaged in the late rebellion, and to all who aided or abetted the same either directly or indirectly.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE elections in Spain have resulted in the triumph of the Monarchical party. The Republicans carried the cities of Seville and Barcelona.

The Grecian Government was, at last advices, making rapid preparations for war. The Prussian Government has called a Conference of the Great Powers of Europe to effect an amicable settlement. It is not likely that the Conference will result in any adjustment, even if it is held, as the Sublime Porte declines to yield the independence or to make a sale of Crete, or to transfer the island to Egypt.

President Sarmiento, of the Argentine Republic, has secured the good offices of Minister M'Mahon toward mediation for peace with Paraguay. In consequence of this, the Emperor of Brazil has threatened to withdraw his envoy from the Argentine Republic.

Up to the present time 6000 troops have been sent from Spain to reinforce the army in Cuba, and more are soon to follow.

The eruption of Mount Etna has subsided.

A collision between two Egyptian mail steamers recently occurred near Smyrna, and two hundred persons were killed.

A decision has been rendered by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of England, condemning the practices of "kneeling before the sacred elements," and burning "candles" on the altar.

By the Atlantic cable we have news from Paraguay to the 2d inst. The allied forces, under the command of Marshal Caxias, made a desperate attack upon Villeta, President Lopez's strong-hold, and were defeated with a loss of 500 killed and wounded.

THE NEW YEAR—1869.—[Drawn by Winslow Homer.]

MRS. SANTA CLAUS AND JESSIE BROWN.

YOU'VE heard of good old Santa Claus? ay, doubtless, all your life;
Though not of him I'm going to tell, but of his lovely wife,
And pretty little Jessie Brown, an orphan, you must know:
The story it was told to me a long, long time ago.
One stormy night—'twas Christmas-time—when all the children round
Hung up their stockings, knowing well with treasures they'd abound;
Then scampered laughingly to bed, to dream away the night,
Their little hearts all fluttering with gladness and delight.
But there was one poor little girl—her name was Jessie Brown—
Who with her dear grandfather lived here in Brookhaven town;
But he was old and very poor, and oft his tears would fall
Upon the little face of her, his darling one, his all.
This Christmas-eve their scanty meal was eaten in the dark,
Yet Jessie looked as bright and glad as any singing lark;
And when beside her grandpa's knee she lisped her evening prayer
She looked so sweet you would have thought an angel had been there;
Then with the "good-night" kiss she crept into her "trundle" bed,
And, smiling, asked, "Will Santa Claus come, now mamma is dead?"
"I hope he will," her grandpa said, and turned away his head;
Then, on a nail hung up with care, her stocking soon he spied,
With many a threadbare patch, although to mend it she had tried;
And when he thought her fast asleep he took it from the nail,
And by the fire-light you could see his face looked strangely pale.
His fingers trembled as he sighed, "My precious little dear!
Oh, would I had a thousand crowns! I'd put them all in here."
Then in the stocking dropped some nuts, and hung it up in haste,
And, walking to the door, looked out upon the dreary waste.
But as he looked a beauteous form before him did appear;
It was a lady, but she seemed as from some other sphere.
Her mantle all embroidered o'er with glist'ning flakes of snow;

Her hair like sparkling strings of pearls or dew-drops seemed to grow;
Upon her feet were sandals bright of frost-work, such as seen
At morn, when glints of sunlight fall upon the blades of green;
And oh! her eyes they were so bright! like twinkling stars they shone,
As in a gentle, dove-like voice, her errand she made known.
"I am the wife of Santa Claus, and with him came to town,
Because I wished so much to see sweet little Jessie Brown;
You'll not refuse me, I am sure, an entrance at your door;
The good I give the choicest gifts out of my bounteous store."
Then from her head a string of pearls she hastily unwound,
Each pearl a virtue was; their like elsewhere were never found;
And from her pocket forth she drew an hour-glass filled with sand,
That into golden crowns would turn if touched by Jessie's hand.
Then in the stocking, worn and old, she let the jewels fall,
With many other wondrous gifts too numerous to recall,
And filled it up with sugar-plums, the sweetest e'er were known,
And whispered soft in Jessie's ear, "These things are all your own."

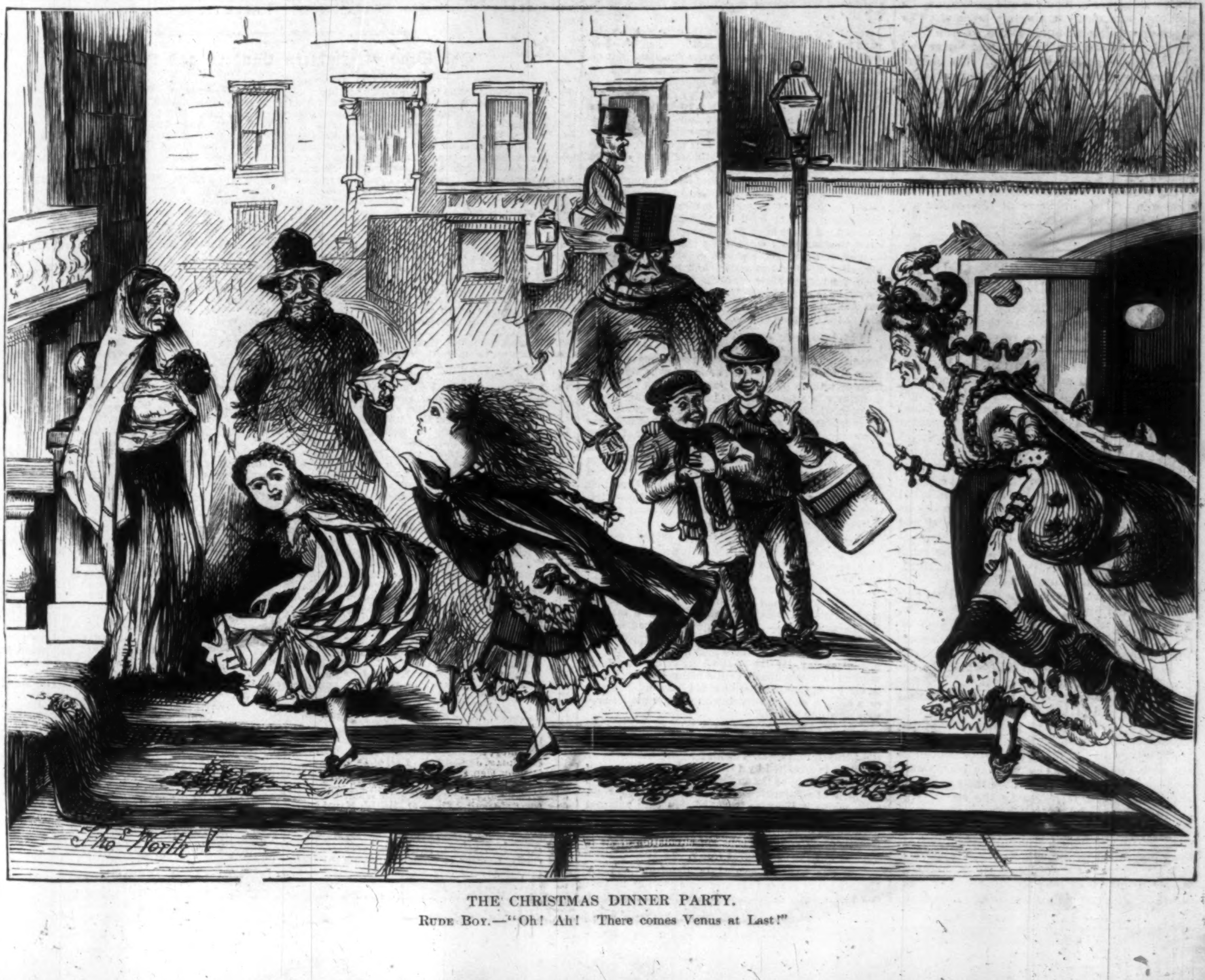
A low, sweet whistle then was heard—'twas Santa Claus, they say,
Who, waiting all the while outside, now called his wife away.
To every house they went that night throughout Brookhaven town,
But none such priceless gifts received as little Jessie Brown.

BOOTH'S THEATRE.

THIS new theatre, of which we give a view on page 29, and which is soon to be opened, has its frontage on Twenty-third Street. Mr. BOOTH designs that it shall become, as doubtless it will, the best theatre in this country, both as an edifice and on account of its stage representations.

The building is in the Renaissance style of architecture, and stands 70 feet high from the sidewalk to the main cornice, above which is a Mansard roof of 24 feet.

That part of the building occupied as the theatre proper extends 149 feet along Twenty-third Street, and is divided into three parts, so combined as to form a superb ensemble, with arched entrances at either extremity on the side for the admission of the public, and on the other for the



THE CHRISTMAS DINNER PARTY.

RUDE BOY.—"Oh! Ah! There comes Venus at Last!"

use of the actors and others employed in the house. Directly in the centre of this frontage are three other doors, devised for the purpose of securing the most rapid egress of a crowded audience in case of fire or any other sudden emergency. By the aid of these doors, and other facilities provided, the building can be vacated in five minutes. Between these entrance doors, and on either side, are spacious and lofty windows, while above them, and forming a part of the second story, are roomy niches, surrounded by coupled columns resting on finely sculptured pedestals. Between these columns, at the depths of the recesses, are neat pilasters, sustaining the elliptic arches that will serve to crown and span the niches, the latter to be occupied by statues of the great dramatic authors and interpreters of every age and country. The main niche in the centre is flanked on either side by curiously-contrived blank windows. This entire façade, as well as that on Sixth Avenue, is built of the finest Concord granite, from the best quarries in New Hampshire.

The interior is subdivided, architecturally speaking, into four heights, the first and lowermost embracing the parquette, circle, and orchestra seats, capable of accommodating eight hundred persons. The second tier is thrown into the dress circle; the third is the family circle, and the fourth constitutes the gallery or amphitheatre. The stage is 55 feet in breadth, and 75 feet in depth, by 50 feet in total height, and, according to an original conception of Mr. BOOTH, is set in a beautiful ornamental frame work, so as to give the effect of a gorgeous picture to the *mise en scene*. On either side of the stage the boxes are tastefully arranged on a novel style of substantial comfort and elegant adornments. Immediately opposite, on the other side of the building and in a line with the stage, are the scene-rooms, and above them the painting saloon. Parallel with this range the green-room, general dressing-rooms, and managers' offices. This part of the building is five stories in height, so distributed as to contain the apartments necessary for the actors, coryphers of *ballet*, and the corps of assistants of all grades connected with the theatre. All of these interior subdivisions unite in their construction the latest and most approved appliances for celerity and ease in the manifold operations of the entire company.

The front on Sixth Avenue, and a space of thirty-five feet extending from the corner along Twenty-third Street, is taken up with handsome stone façades and the entrance leading to the amphitheatre stairways. Above the lower frontage rise four stories, divided into saloons and apartments for art students, the first laid out in airy and commodious studios, the second, or mezzanine story, adapted for residences, and the remaining two repeating the same alteration, *i.e.*, studios on the third, and residences on the fourth range. In the basement beneath the stores, opening on the sidewalk, will be a splendid restaurant, from which, by an original device, dumb-waiters will ascend to the upper portions of the structure, so that individuals and parties may be furnished with meals in absolute privacy. The whole view of this beautiful edifice, as seen from a point embracing the Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue façades, is superb. The glittering granite mass exquisitely poised, adorned with rich and appropriate carving, statuary columns, pilasters, and arches, yet not overladen with ornamentation, and capped by the springing Mansard roof, fringed with its shapely balustrades, offers a majestic and imposing presence, and forms one of the architectural and artistic gems of our city.

The walls of the entire building are lined with sheet-iron. The architects of this edifice are Messrs. RENWICK & SANDS.

THE SCHOLAR OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THE scholar in the sixteenth century was a far more important personage than now. The supply of learned men was very small, the demand for them very great. During the whole of the fifteenth and great part of the sixteenth century the human mind turned more and more from the scholastic philosophy of the Middle Ages to that of the Romans and the Greeks, and found more and more in old Pagan Art an element which Monastic Art had not, and which was yet necessary for the full satisfaction of their craving after the Beautiful. At such a crisis of thought and taste it was natural that the classical scholar, the man who knew old Rome, and still more old Greece, should usurp the place of the monk as teacher of mankind; and that scholars should form, for a while, a new and powerful aristocracy, limited and privileged, and all the more redoubtable because its power lay in intellect, and had been won by intellect alone.

Those who (whether poor or rich) did not fear the monk and priest, at least feared the scholar, who held (so the vulgar believed) the keys of that magic lore by which the old necromancers had built cities like Rome, and worked marvels of mechanical and chemical skill, which the degenerate modern could never equal.

If the scholar stopped in a town his hostess probably begged of him a charm against toothache or rheumatism. The penniless knight discoursed with him on alchemy and the chances of retrieving his fortune by the art of transmuting metals into gold. The queen or bishop worried him in private about casting their nativities and finding their fates among the stars. But the statesman, who dealt with more practical matters, hired him as an advocate and rhetorician, who could fight his master's enemies with the weapons of Demosthenes and Cicero. Wherever the scholar's steps were turned he might be master of others as long as he was master of himself. The complaints which he so often uttered concerning the cruelty of fortune, the fickleness of princes, and so forth, were probably no more just then than such complaints are now. Then, as now, he got his deserts; and the world bought him at his own price. If he chose to sell himself to this patron and to that, he was used and thrown away; if he chose to remain in honorable independence, he was courted and feared.

LOVE'S CALENDAR.

THE rose in the sunshine, Dearest!
Is whispering sweet to me;
The fairest things bring nearest
The memory of thee.

I think of thy voice when thrushes
Are singing their bridal song,
And violets round the bushes
Spread in a purple throng.

I think of thee when May's portal
(The rainbow arch of heaven)
Seems like a glimpse to mortal
Of vanished Eden given.

I think of thee when Death scatters
The yellow leaves in showers,
And the fretful rain-drop patters
In the gray autumnal hours.

I thought of thee, Love! when Winter
Hung crystals on each spray,
And when the red oak splinter
Scared bright grim ghosts away.

I thought of thee when dark treason
Plotted each wind that blew.
But, why detail each season?
I love the whole year through!

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE holidays would seem a mockery to multitudes of children without a box of candies from Santa Claus. At no time in all the year are the confectionery shops so thronged, and children so eager to taste the sweets which are so temptingly displayed. And since St. Nicholas doubtless stuffed the stockings of many little folks with bright-colored *bonbons*, it may relieve the minds of parents to be reminded that candies are now usually colored with harmless vegetable substances. The mineral poisons once used for this purpose are now banished from respectable manufactories. Some fancy sweetmeats are decorated with water-color paints, and these should be regarded as for ornament rather than for consumption. The ordinary kinds of pure, freshly-made candies, eaten moderately and at suitable times, are not so unwholesome as generally considered. Of course, a child may easily be made sick by eating too much of an article so concentrated as sugar; and nibbling sugar-plums all day long will seriously interfere with digestive processes. But a moderate portion taken after meals will not be injurious. Good candies are made of sugar, gum arabic, and starch; the flavoring is put in either in boiling or kneading, and is usually an essential oil—a very small quantity flavoring thousands of pounds. The process of making candy varies with the different kinds, and the business is extensively carried on in this city.

About four months ago a young German in New Orleans fell from a high platform, and fractured his skull in a most shocking manner. It was supposed that he would die in a few hours; but he has lived, and his case has excited much interest among physicians in New Orleans. In addition to fearful local injuries his whole body seemed completely paralyzed. Under a novel mode of treatment, which consisted in the application of heat and cold alternately to the whole length of the spine, by means of a special apparatus for the purpose, aided by the employment of induced and interrupted electrical currents, the young man gradually improved. At the end of two months he recovered complete consciousness and the perfect use of his tongue; but it was soon discovered that the recollection of every word and idea had been literally knocked out of his head, and he was obliged to begin anew to learn every word like a child. He has now learned many words, and can go about the city by himself. His mind is active, and his *new memory* good, yet very peculiar. For instance, if told to say "hat," he is as apt to say "mule" or any thing else he has learned; notwithstanding, as objects of sense, he knows the meaning of "hat" and "mule."

In St. Petersburg a new prison experiment is being tried with offenders condemned to a short term of imprisonment. The model prison is divided into four large dormitories, each containing 142 cells, separated from each other by wooden partition walls. To each dormitory is attached a spacious, well-lighted workshop, in which shoe-making, tailoring, weaving, and other trades are carried on. This establishment has been organized with a view of rejecting all that is bad in the different prison systems employed in the Old and the New World, and retaining only what has been proved to be advantageous. The system has worked so well that Count Sollohoub expresses a hope that deportation to Siberia, a fruitful source of disorder, useless expense, and disgraceful abuses, may henceforward be found unnecessary.

Many years ago two ministers were settled over different parishes in a Connecticut town. They were both graduates of old Yale, warm friends, and with similar literary tastes. But after some years Mr. R——, who had never married, left the more active duties of the ministry to devote himself to books, libraries, and antiquarian researches, for which he had a marked fondness. Mr. B——, however, married, had a large family of children, and was eminently happy in his domestic life. Both of these men lived to a good old age. One day, Mr. B——, speaking of his friend, remarked in his peculiarly gentle manner: "Dr. R——, in early life, thought that he could have either a wife or a library, and he very unwisely chose the latter—very unwisely indeed."

A simple but ingenious submarine lamp has been invented. An ordinary lamp is placed in a water-tight translucent case. The air for the combustion of the lamp is admitted by a tube, the free end of which is supported above the surface of the water; and the products of combustion are carried off by a second tube, which is likewise in connection with external air. The air in the lamp is rarefied by the heat of the burning wick, and fresh air from without rushes in to take its place, so that a constant circulation of air is kept up and the lamp burns freely.

Gold has been discovered in Newfoundland. A Halifax paper states that a reliable jeweler in that city has recently received for examination a piece of quartz from the eastern coast of Newfoundland, containing much visible gold. The fragment was broken off one of numerous boulders with which, according to the report of the finder, the surface is strewn in a particular locality. The discoverer, himself, did not know the precious metal when he saw it, and fearing to be laughed at or taken advantage of by his neighbors, concluded to show the ore to some reliable person before applying for a prospecting license, which he has since secured.

A story is told of a young artist in New York who was greatly attracted by the beauty of a lady who sat at a window in the house opposite his studio. He sent glances of admiration up to her window whenever he passed into or out of his room. At length, one day, seeing her in the street, his artistic tastes ran away with his good judgment, and reaching her, panting with the haste he had made, gasped out, "Oh, miss, your lovely blonde hair. I am dying to paint it." The lady, with a quick movement, put her hand to her head, and then holding it out with her hair at arm's-length, exclaimed, "Take it! there it is! send it back when you are through with it, and stop staring at my window; my husband is dreadfully jealous, and will thrash you for your impudence." The crest-fallen artist has not been on a chase for "lovely blonde hair" since.

The Australian Meat Preserving Company seems likely to be a success. Reports have been received from officers in the British navy giving the highest commendations of the quality of the meat, pronouncing it most excellent—nutritious, sweet, and juicy. A supply has been sent for trial to the Western Coast of Africa, and to the West Indies, by the Controller of the British navy. Besides this, the French Government have telegraphed for 200,000 pounds of the meat for the navy and other purposes. The English press is quite interested in the success of this enterprise; and suggests that the general introduction of the preserved meat into household use would be most advantageous.

Perhaps no malady produces such depressing and deathly suffering as sea-sickness. Its wretched victims lose all love of life, and in their misery long for death as a release. Yet very little has been done by the medical profession to relieve this affection, and in general those who cross the ocean believe that they must take their chance of enduring its pangs. A very interesting article on sea-sickness, by Fordyce Barker, M.D., was recently published in the New York *Medical Journal*. So many are constantly crossing the waters for business or pleasure that we believe the subject to be one of almost universal interest; and Dr. Barker's high standing in his profession gives special value to his suggestions.

The belief is very general that sea-sickness is often beneficial, and never dangerous to life. Dr. Barker, however, thinks the improvement in health from a sea-voyage is usually proportioned to the freedom from sea-sickness; and he also cites several cases where death has occurred in consequence of the exhaustion resulting from this malady. Sea-sickness, he observes, seems to be due to the sudden and recurring changes of the relations of the fluids to the solids of the body, and the nervous disturbances which result from these changes. Drugs will not prevent this functional disturbance; the horizontal position is the only approximation to a cure. An exhausted or depressed state of the nervous system, the consequence often of loss of sleep, want of food, excitement, and bad air, increases the liability to sea-sickness. A large proportion of persons go on board the Atlantic steamers fatigued and exhausted by their preparations for the voyage. They are excited by separation from friends, and by apprehensions of the perils of the sea, and of course have had no appetite to eat, or strength to digest food. Thus badly prepared to resist the effects of sea-sickness, they speedily bring it on by keeping up and staying on deck. They have an indistinct idea that it is a kind of moral weakness, which they may conquer by boldly doing the very things to bring it on. For ocean passages one of the most essential points is the selection of the state-room as regards position, light, size, and ventilation. Of course, the nearer the room is to the centre of the ship the less will be the motion. In going to Europe, it is better to be on the starboard side, and in returning, on the larboard, which will be the sunny side. In screw-steamers, the inside rooms, as they are called, if of good size, are often to be preferred to the outside ones, on account of ventilation, as there is very little weather, except in remarkable summer passages, when the port-holes can be kept open, while the windows of the inside room open on deck, and can generally be kept open.

The following suggestions for the prevention of sea-sickness, Dr. Barker assures us, have proved very beneficial to many persons who have tested them, and who had previously suffered severely from this malady during the whole voyage:

1. Have every preparation made at least twenty-four hours before starting, so that the system may not be exhausted by overwork and want of sleep. This direction is particularly important for ladies.
2. Eat as hearty a meal as possible before going on board.
3. Go on board sufficiently early to arrange such things as may be wanted for the first day or two so that they may be easy of access; then undress and go to bed before the vessel gets under weigh. The neglect of this rule, by those who are liable to sea-sickness, is sure to be regretted.
4. Eat regularly and heartily, but without raising the head for at least one or two days. In this way the habit of digestion is kept up, the strength is preserved, while the system becomes accustomed to the constant change of equilibrium.
5. On the first night out take some mild laxative pills, as, for example, two or three of the compound rhubarb pills.
6. After having become so far habituated to the sea as to be able to take your meals at the table and to go on deck, never think of rising in the morning until you have eaten something, as a plate of oatmeal porridge, or a cup of coffee or tea, with sea-biscuit or toast.
7. If, subsequently, during the voyage, the sea should become unusually rough, go to bed before getting sick. It is foolish to dare any thing when there is no glory to be won, and *something* may be lost.

The estimated number of prairie chickens sent to the Chicago market during the first two months of the shooting season was not less than from 25,000 to 30,000; of quails about an equal number; and of wild ducks between 2000 and 3000. When the Pacific Railroad is opened an immense further expansion of the game trade of Chicago may be looked for. There has always been a difficulty in the way of extensive exportation to the East in the liability to loss by a sudden change of weather spoiling the game. This difficulty is now likely to be entirely removed by the introduction of a new kind of refrigerator-car on the principal railroad lines, patented by Mr. C. F. Pike, of Providence, Rhode Island. A large body of men follow hunting as an occupation in the Western States, whither the game is being gradually driven by the steady advance of civilization. Many farmers also engage in the lucrative sport, taking a circuit within reach of their homes at night, and often bagging a sufficient quantity of birds to make their day's shooting a profitable occupation.

When a missionary to South Africa first introduced the English plow into the interior of that country an old chief, who saw what it could do in breaking up the earth, exclaimed, in admiration, "Why, it is worth ten women!" Any one, therefore, who knows what a plow is worth can easily make an estimate, and ascertain the exact value of a woman in South Africa.

The Dead of Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-eight.

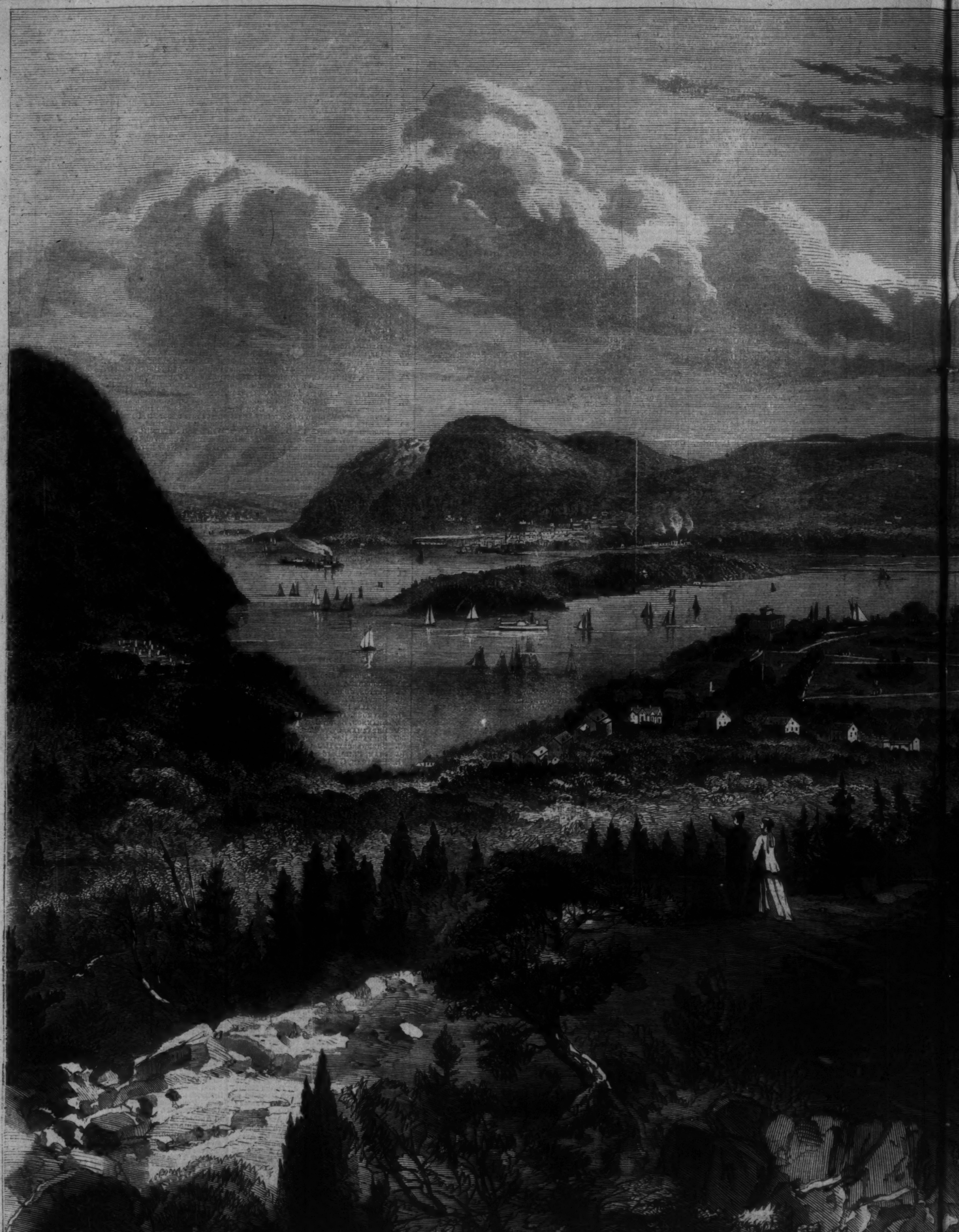
Age.	Name. Office or Position. Place and Date of Death.
40.	ABBE, Hon. Joshua G., Commissioner Metropolitan Fire Department. Windham, Ct. September 21.
82.	ABBOTT, Hon. Amos, Member of Congress from Massachusetts 1843–1849. Andover, Mass. November 2.
25.	ABYSSINIA, the Queen of, widow of Theodorus. Near Magdala. May 15.
47.	ADLER, George J., Author and Philologist. New-York City. August 24.
84.	ALLEN, William, D.D., LL.D., Author and College President. Northampton, Mass. July 16.
63.	ALLEN, William Stickney, Editor, Judge, and Politician. New Haven, Mo. June 16.
56.	ANDERSSON, Charles John, Geographer, Traveler, and Author. Near Ondonga, Southwest Africa. Jan.
	ANDREA, Cardinal d', Italian Prelate. Rome, Italy. May 15.
74.	ANDREWS, Col. Timothy P., U.S.A., Paymaster-General of the Army. Washington, D.C. March 11.
	ANDROS, R. S. S., Poet, Author, and Politician. Berkeley, Mass. August.
	ARNOTT, Dr. G. A. Walker, Professor of Botany, and Author. Glasgow, Scotland. June 17.
	ASBOTH, Brevet Maj.-Gen. Alexander, U. S. Vols., Minister to Argentine Republic. Buenos Ayres. Feb.
	ASHBURN, Col. G. W., U. S. Vols., Member Const. Convention, Ga. Assassinated. Columbus, Ga. April 1.
48.	ASHBURTON, Francis Baring, 3d Lord, English Financier. County Devon, England. September 6.
83.	BACHELDER, John P., M.D., Physician, President N. Y. Academy of Medicine. New York City. April 8.
44.	BAILEY, John D., Journalist and Military Critic. New York City. August 20.
42.	BAKER, Gen. Lafayette C., Chief Detective U. S. Police, and Author. Philadelphia. July 2.
61.	BARROWS, Willard, Civil Engineer, Surveyor, and Author. Davenport, Iowa. January 3.
	BARTLETT, George, Scientific Journalist and Author. Providence, R. I. April 9.
63.	BAUGHER, H. L., D.D., Author, and President Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg. Gettysburg. April 14.
72.	BAVARIA, Ludwig I., ex-King of, Poet and Philosopher. Nice. February 29.
69.	BEACH, Moses Yale, Newspaper Publisher and Editor. Wallingford, Ct. July 19.
65.	BEALL, Hon. S. W., former Acting Governor of Wisconsin. Assassinated. Helena, Montana. Sept. 26.
83.	BEEBEE, Samuel J., Merchant and Bullion Broker. New York City. August 21.
28.	BEECHER, Lieut. Frederick, U.S.A. Killed by Indians. Upper Republican River, Kansas. September 23.
	BELL, Rear-Admiral Henry H., U.S.N. Osaka River, Japan. January 11.
70.	BELL, Samuel Dana, Jurist and Legal Writer. Manchester, N. H. July 31.
72.	BENJAMIN, Simeon, Patron of Education and Philanthropist. Riverhead, L. I. September 1.
78.	BENNETT, Milo Lyman, Vermont Jurist. Taunton, Mass. July 7.
78.	BERRYER, Pierre Antoine, French Advocate and Statesman. Augeville, France. November 28.
83.	BETTS, Hon. Samuel R., LL.D., Judge of the U. S. District Court 40 years. New Haven, Ct. Nov. 3.
75.	BEY, Dr. Clot, French Physician and Medical Reformer in Egypt. Marseilles, France. August.
70.	BINGHAM, Hon. D. H., Editor and Judge. Florence, Alabama. January 10.
45.	BISHOP, Rev. Hiram N., D.D., Episcopal Clergyman. Paris, France. August 31.
90.	BLAKENEY, Field-Marshal Sir Edward, G.C.B., Gov. of Chelsea Hospital. Chelsea Hospital. August.
68.	BONNEY, Judge Benjamin West, Politician and Jurist. New York City. August 19.
81.	BOYCE, Hon. Stephen, Governor and Chief Justice of Vermont. November.
	BOYD, Hon. John H., Member Congress from New York 1851–1853. Whitehall, New York. July 2.
64.	BOYNTON, Nehemiah, Mass. State Senator and Member Executive Council. Chelsea, Mass. Nov. 22.
52.	BRADBURY, William B., Musical Composer, Vocalist, Teacher, and Author. Montclair, N. J. Jan. 7.
21.	BRADLEY, Warren Ives (Glance Gaylord), Author. Bristol, Connecticut. June 15.
67.	BREWSTER, Charles W., Editor, Author, and Publisher. Portsmouth, New Hampshire. August 8.
65.	BRINSMADE, Thomas C., M.D., Physician, President N. Y. State Medical Society. Troy, N. Y. June 22.
67.	BRONSON, Charles P., Lecturer on Elocution, and Author. New York City. April 25.
65.	BROOKE, Sir James (Rajah of Sarawak), Ruler and Author. Burrater, Devon. June 11.
83.	BROTHERTON, General Sir Henry W., G.C.B., British Army Officer. Esher, England. January 20.
90.	BROUGHAM and VAUX, Henry Brougham, Lord, Statesman, Jurist, and Author. Cannes, France. May 9.
65.	BROWN, Rev. J. Newton, D.D., Author, Professor, and Editor. Germantown, Pennsylvania. May 15.
	BROWNE, J. Vincent, Collector Internal Revenue, Fifth District, Mass. Salem, Mass. August 29.
55.	BRYANT, Dr. Joel, Homœopathic Physician and Author. Brooklyn, New York. November 20.
77.	BUCHANAN, James, LL.D., President U. S. 1857–1861, and Diplomatist. Wheatland, Pa. June 1.
55.	BUEL, Hon. Alexander W., Member Congress from Detroit 1849–1851. Detroit, Michigan. April 25.
60.	BULLITT, Alexander C., Editor in New Orleans and Washington, D.C. Louisville, Ky. June 6.
84.	BURNETT, John, Engraver, Etcher, and Author of Works on Art. London, England. May.
80.	BURROUGHS, Rev. Charles, D.D., Episcopal Clergyman and Antiquarian. Portsmouth, N. H. March 5.
53.	CAGGER, Peter, a Politician and Political Leader. New York City. July 7.
58.	CAMPBELL, Hon. John H., Member Congress from Pennsylvania 1845–1847. Philadelphia. January 19.
56.	CAMPBELL, Thompson, Prominent Politician in California. California. December 7.
65.	CARRELL, Right Rev. George A., D.D., S. J., R. C. Bishop of Covington, Ky. Covington, Ky. Sept. 22.
76.	CANTERBURY, Most Rev. Charles Longley, Archbishop of, Primate of England. London. October 8.
40.	CAPENDU, Ernest, French Novelist and Dramatist. Paris. June.
70.	CARDIGAN, James T. B., Earl of, Commander Light Brigade at Balaklava. Cardigan Castle, Eng. Mar. 28.
59.	CARSON, Gen. Christopher (Kit Carson), Guide, Trapper, and Pioneer. Fort Lynn, Colorado. May 23.
65.	CASE, Rev. Joel Titus, Presbyterian Clergyman and Physicist. Victoria, Texas. June 10.
68.	CATTERMOLE, George, English Water-Color Artist. London. August.
80.	CHADS, Admiral Sir H. D., British Naval Officer for 68 years. Southsea, Hants, England. April 7.
84.	CHILDS, Hon. Henry Halsey, M.D., Pres't Med. Col., Lt.-Gov. of Mass. in 1843. Boston, Mass. March 22.
86.	CICERI, Pierre Luc Charles, French Scenic Painter. Paris. October.
91.	CLARK, Laban, D.D., Methodist Clergyman and Author. Middletown, Ct. November 28.
53.	COBB, Hon. Howell, ex-U. S. Senator, ex-Sec. of Treasury, Southern Politician. New York City. Oct. 8.
82.	COLES, Edward, Governor of Illinois 1822–1826. Philadelphia. July 7.
102.	COLLINS, Mrs. Sarah, Centenarian. Westfield, N. J. June 18.
65.	COMSTOCK, Captain Joseph J., Commander of Ocean Steamers. New York City. August 16.
61.	COOK, Hon. James M., State Controller of New York, and Sup't of Banking. Saratoga, N. Y. April 12.

Age. Name. Office or Position. Place and Date of Death.

Cook, John Douglas, Editor of the London *Saturday Review*. London. August 10.
108. Cooley, Mrs. Nancy, Revolutionary Pensioner. Darrtown, Ohio. January 10.
37. Cooper, Mrs. Julia Dean, Actress ("Julia Dean"). New York City. March 6.
72. Coquerel, Athanase, Sen., French Preacher, Orator, and Author. Paris, France. January 10.
80. Cormenin, Louis de la Haye, Vicomte de, French Political Writer and Satirist. Paris, France. May 7.
76. Cranworth, Robert Monsey Rolfe, Lord, British Statesman. London. July 27.
85. Crawfurd, John, Author, Diplomat, Geographer and Ethnologist. London. May 11.
80. Crisp, Rev. T. S., D.D., Pres't of Baptist College at Broadmead, Bristol, Eng. Cotham, Bristol. June 16.
56. Crossley, Joseph, Carpet Manufacturer and Magistrate. Halifax, England. October.
Crowe, Eyre Evans, Editor and Historian. London. February 25.
86. Cummings, Isaac, M.D., Physician and Author. New York City. December 16.
55. Cushing, General Stephen B., Lawyer, and Attorney-General of New York. New York City. June 8.
68. Cushman, Rev. Robert W., D.D., Baptist Clergyman, Teacher, and Author. So. Reading, Mass. April 7.
70. Daly, Sir Dominick, Governor-General of South Australia. Adelaide, South Australia. February 19.
72. Dana, Samuel Luther, Author and Physicist. Lowell, Mass. March 11.
85. Davis, Hon. James, Politician and Judge. St. Albans, Vt. January 21.
68. Dawes, Rev. William R., F.R.S., and F.R.A.S., Astronomer. Hopefield, Haddenham, Eng. February 15.
Deacon, Benajah, U. S. Marshal New Jersey, 1861–1868. Mount Holly, N. J. May 18.
65. Dean, Amos, LL.D., Jurist, Author, and Professor of Med. Jurisprudence. Albany, N. Y. January 26.
79. De la Vigne, Germain, French Dramatist. Montmorency, France. December.
35. Dick, James T., Genre Painter. Brooklyn, N. Y. January 19.
73. Dill, Vincent Lemuel, oldest Stereotyper in America. Brooklyn, New York. January 20.
70. Disosway, Gabriel P., Author and Newspaper Writer. Staten Island, New York. July 9.
71. Dorsheimer, Philip, State Treasurer, N. Y., and Collector Internal Revenue. Buffalo, N.Y. April 11.
48. Doty, Joseph M., New York Journalist. Jacksonville, Florida. June 19.
60. Dove, Capt. Benj. More, U.S.N., Naval Officer 42 years, and Lt.-House Insp'r. Key West, Fla. Nov. 19.
70. Doyle, John, English Painter and Caricaturist. London. January 2.
Draper, Henry, Director of English Opera and Baritone Singer. Providence, R. I. August 2.
74. Duffield, Rev. George, D.D., Presbyterian Clergyman and Author. Detroit, Michigan. June 26.
45. Dunne, Rev. Dr., late Vicar-General Roman Catholic Diocese of Chicago. Chicago. December 23.
65. Dunnell, Dr. Henry G., Homœopathic Physician and Author. New York City. September 4.
Dyckman, Col. G. W., N. Y. Co. Register, and Officer of Vols. in Mexican and late war. N. Y. City. May 21.
56. Elliott, Charles Loring, N.A., Painter. Albany, N. Y. August 25.
Elliott, Major Joel M., U.S.A., killed by Indians. Indian Territory. November 27.
80. Elliotson, Dr. John, British Physician and Author. London. July 29.
76. Ellsworth, Hon. Wm. W., LL.D., Ex-Gov. of Ct., Judge of Supreme Court, etc. Hartford, Ct. Jan. 15.
69. Engle, Rear-Admiral Frederick, U.S.N., Naval Officer, 53 years in Service. Philadelphia. Feb. 12.
45. Enos, Dewitt C., M.D., Physician and Medical Professor. Brooklyn, New York. December 14.
76. Evans, Hon. Hugh Davey, LL.D., a Maryland Jurist. Baltimore, Maryland. July 16.
40. Fairchild, Brevet Brig.-Gen. Cassius, Wis. Vols., U. S. Marshal for Wisconsin. Milwaukee. Oct. 24.
Fales, Mrs. Almira H., Ministrant to wounded Soldiers. Washington, D. C. November 8.
80. Feller, Madam Henrietta, Founder of Grand Ligne Mission, Canada. Grand Ligne, Can. March 27.
33. Fendall, Clarence, an Officer of the Coast Survey. Norfolk, Virginia. September 17.
73. Fendall, Philip R., Lawyer and Jurist. Washington, D. C. February 16.
42. Fessenden, Hon. T. A. D., Member of Congress from Maine 1861-1863. Lewiston, Me. September 28.
55. Field, Hon. Jonathan E., Mass. State Senator and Lawyer. Stockbridge, Mass. April 23.
54. Finney, Hon. Darwin A., M. C., 20th Penn. District, 1867–1868. Brussels, Belgium. August 25.
Flint, Henry M. ("Druid"), Newspaper Correspondent and Author. Camden, N. J. November 12.
Flores, General Venancio, President of Uruguay. Montevideo. February 22.
49. Foucault, Leon, French Physicist and Author. Paris. February.
77. Force, General Peter, American Historian and Book Collector. Washington, D. C. January 23.
Ford, Thomas H., Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio, and Politician. Washington, D. C. February 29.
67. Forsythe, Rev. W. H., Presbyterian Home Missionary in Ky. Harrison Co., Ky. September 4.
73. Freeman, Edmund B., N. C., Jurist. Raleigh, N. C. July 7.
106. French, Colonel George, Negro Centenarian. Poughkeepsie, N. Y. September 4.
67. Frost, Judge Edward, S. C. Jurist. Charleston, S. C. July 22.
65. Fulford, Rt. Rev. Francis, Anglican Bishop and Metropolitan of Canada. Montreal. September 9.
58. Garner, Peter M., Anti-Slavery Pioneer. Columbus, Ohio. June 12.
44. Garner, Thomas, English Line Engraver. Birmingham, England. July 30.
39. Gannon, Mary, Actress. New York City. February 22.
56. Gansevoort, Commodore Guert C., U.S.N., 45 years in Service. Schenectady, N. Y. July 15.
80. Gates, Brevet Brigadier-General William, U.S.A., Veteran Army Officer. New York City. October 7.
67. Gelston, Captain Roland, California Pioneer. San Francisco. August 5.
Georgia, Anna Paulovna, Czarina of, Musical Composer. Moscow. February.
74. Gibbon, Dr. J. W., Eminent Physician and Antiquarian. Baltimore, Md. December 16.
46. Gibbs, Bt. Maj.-Gen. Alfred, U.S.A., 23 yrs. in Service, in Mex. and late Wars. Ft. Leavenw'th, Ks. Dec. 26.
63. Gibson, Sir James B., M.R.C.S., Director-General Med. Dept. British Army. Rome, Italy. February 25.
80. Gibson, William, M.D., LL.D., Surgeon, Professor, and Author. Savannah, Ga. March 2.
61. Gillespie, William Mitchell, C.E., Professor of Civil Engineering and Author. N. Y. City. January 1.
Gilliams, Jacob, M.D., Physician and Naturalist. Philadelphia. February 1.
63. Gilmer, Hon. John A., M. C. from N. C. 1857–1861, Politician. Greensboro, N. C. May 14.
55. Giudicini, Giuseppi, Architect and Fresco Painter. New York City. January 8.
81. Goodrich, Rev. Chauncey, Congregational Clergyman and Philologist. New Haven, Ct. March 27.
79. Gortchakoff, Prince Peter Dmitri, Russian Corps Com. and Gov.-Gen. W. Siberia. Moscow. April.
59. Gould, George, Judge of Supreme Court, N. Y., 1855–1863. Troy, N. Y. December 6.
81. Granger, Hon. Francis, M. C., Postmaster-General, Politician. Canandaigua, N. Y. August 28.
66. Gravier, Coulvier, French Meteorologist. Paris, France. February.
106. Gray, John, Reputed the last Soldier of the Revolution. Noble Co., Ohio. March 29.
82. Grayson, Hon. William, Governor of Md., 1838–1841. Queen Anne's Co., Md. July 9.
66. Greene, Albert Gorton, Jurist, Author, and Scholar. Cleveland, Ohio. January 3.
Guinness, Sir Benjamin Lee, Philanthropic Merchant of Dublin. London. July.
52. Gurley, Rev. P. D., D.D., Presb. Clergyman, Chap. of Congress, and Author. Washington, D. C. Sept. 30.
73. Hall, George, Mayor of Brooklyn 1833–1835 and 1854–1856. Brooklyn. April 16.
80. Hall, George, Connecticut Philanthropist. Norwich, Ct. September 2.
86. Hall, George W., Clergyman and Teacher. Troy, N. Y. February 24.
75. Hall, Judge James, Author, Antiquarian, and Banker. Loveland, Ohio. July 5.
67. Hall, Willis, Attorney-General of New York. New York City. July 14.
39. Halpine, Bt.-Maj.-Gen. Chas. G. ("Miles O'Reilly"), Poet, Soldier, and Author. N. Y. City. August 3.
Hamilton, Captain Louis L., U.S.A. Killed by Indians. Indian Territory. November 27.
75. Hampden, Right Reverend Renn Dickson, D.D., Bishop of Hereford and Author. London. April 23.
Hare, John David, D.D., English Clergyman and Author. London. September.
Harney, J. H., Editor Louisville *Democrat* and Author. Louisville, Ky. January 26.
40. Harrington, George N. ("George Christy"), Negro Minstrel. New York City. May 12.
Hartstene, Ex-Commander Henry J. (Grinnell Arctic Expedition.) Paris, France. March 30.
Hashem, General ——, Tunisian Embassador to United States 1864. Tunis. March.
116. Haskins, Mrs., born in Burlington, Vt., 1751. Camden, Ohio. January 16.
75. Hasseltine, Miss Abigail C., Preceptress Bradford Academy. Bradford, Me. January 13.
26. Hastings, ——, Marquis of, a young English Spendthrift and Roué. London. November 10.
69. Havin, Leonor Joseph, French Publicist and Editor. Paris. November 12.
56. Hawks, Rt. Rev. Cicero S., D.D., Bishop Prot. Episcopal Diocese of Missouri. St. Louis, Mo. April 19.
62. Head, Sir Edmund Walker, British Author and Statesman, Gov.-Gen. Canada 1854–61. London. Jan. 28.
100. Henderson, Mrs. Jane, Widow, Centenarian. Brooklyn, N. Y. December 3.
Henry, Joshua J., Southern Merchant and Politician. New York City. September 17.
77. Herapath, John, English Mathematician and Editor *Railway Journal*. Lewisham, Eng. February 24.
72. Herapath, William, English Chemist and Toxicologist. Bristol, Eng. February 6.
Herrick, Hon. Anson, Editor, Politician, Member of Congress 1863–1865. New York City. February 6.
58. Higgins, Matthew James ("Jacob Omnium"), English Journalist and Satirist. Berkshire, Eng. August.
Hildebrandt, Edouard, German Geographical Painter. Berlin, Prussia. October.
50. Hindman, General Thomas C., M. C., 1857–1861, and Conf. Gen. Assassinated. Helena, Ark. Sept. 28.
85. Hinds, Hon. James, Member of Congress from Arkansas 1867–68. Assassinated. Monroe, Ark. Oct. 22.
84. Hinman, Royal R., Secretary of State, Connecticut, Author and Antiquarian. New York City. Oct. 15.
Hole-in-the-Day, Chippewa Indian Chief. Assassinated. Crow Wing, Minn. June 29.
Holt, Hon. J. J., Presiding Justice Tenth Judicial District, Texas. Lavacca, Tex. March 1.
77. Homans, John, M.D., Physician, and President Massachusetts Medical Society. Boston. April 17.
72. Hooper, Judge John W., Jurist of Georgia. Dade County, Ga. July 16.
76. Hopkins, Rt. Rev. John Henry, D.D., D.C.L., Epis. Bishop of Vt., and Author. Rock Point, Vt. Jan. 9.
69. Howard, Rev. Hosea, Baptist Clergyman and Missionary. Bloomington, Ill. July 14.
76. Howard, Col. Joshua, U.S.A., Paymaster 1861–1865, U. S. Marshal 1841–1844. Detroit. July 12.
78. Howe, Samuel R., D.D., Clergyman R. D. Church. New Brunswick, N. J. March 1.
67. Howell, Rev. Robert, B.C., D.D., Baptist Clergyman and Author. Nashville, Tenn. April 5.
62. Hughes, Ball, Sculptor. Boston. March 5.
Hugo, Madame, Wife of Victor Hugo. Brussels, Belgium. August 26.
48. Hull, A. Cooke, M.D., Homœopathic Physician and Musical Connoisseur. Brooklyn. July 6.
65. Huntington, Hon. Charles Phelps, Massachusetts Jurist, etc. Boston. January 30.
82. Ingersoll, Joseph R., LL.D., Statesman and Author. Philadelphia. February 20.
93. Irving, Ebenezer, Brother and Executor of Washington Irving. Irvington, N. Y. August 22.
70. James, Rev. William, D.D., Presbyterian Clergyman. Albany. February 15.
58. Jamieson, George W., Actor. Accidentally killed near Yonkers, N. Y. October 3.
33. Jamieson, W. L., Actor. New York City. November 9.
88. Jesse, Edward, English Naturalist and Author. Brighton. March 28.
71. Jessup, Hon. William, LL.D., Jurist, etc. Montrose, Pa. September 11.
Jeune, Right Rev. Francis, D.D., English Bishop of Peterborough, etc. Peterborough. September.
52. Jewett, Charles C., late Prof. B. University; Sup't Boston City Library. Braintree, Mass. January 9.
53. Johnson, Rev. Herman M., D.D., LL.D., President Dickinson College, Pa. Carlisle, Pa. April 5.
50. Johnson, Hon. John Mercer, Canadian Statesman. Northumberland, Canada. November 9.
70. Jones, Leonard ("Live Forever Jones"), a Monomaniac and perpetual Office-seeker. Louisville, Ky. Sept. 14.
77. Jones, Admiral Theobald, British Naval Officer. London. February 7.
60. Juncker, Right Rev. Henry Damian, D.D., R. C. Bishop of Alton, Ill. Alton, Ill. October 2.
78. Junkin, Rev. Geo., D.D., LL.D., Clergyman, Author, and Pres't of three Colleges. Philadelphia. May 20.
57. Kean, Charles J., F.S.A., F.R.G.S., an English Actor and Scholar. London. January 23.
79. Kearney, Commodore Lawrence, U.S.N., 61 years in the Service. Perth Amboy. November 29.
67. Kimball, Heber C., Mormon Leader, one of First Presidency. Salt Lake City. June 22.
57. King, Robert P., eminent Printer and Publisher. Philadelphia. September 27.
King, W. H. Cutler, Editor New Orleans *Times*. New Orleans, La. August 27.
74. King, Hon. Yelverton P., Politician and Diplomatist. Greene County, Ga. August 5.
47. Kirker, James B., Publisher and Officer of Volunteers. New York City. February 28.
Kirwan, ——, D.D., Dean of Limerick, Scholar and Writer. Limerick. July.
67. Kraft, Henry, Ph.D., a German Chemist. Brooklyn, N. Y. August 30.
62. Lee, Rev. Robert, D.D., Professor of Biblical Criticism and Author. Edinburgh. March 15.
62. Leeser, Rev. Isaac, Ph.D., Rabbi and Author. Philadelphia. February 1.
40. Leland, Henry P., Author and Magazine Writer. Philadelphia. September 22.
Le Saint, Lieutenant, French Explorer and Geographer. Abu Kuka, Abyssinia. April.
52. Leutze, Emanuel, Historical Painter. Washington, D. C. July 18.
57. Limayrac, Paulin, French Editor and Political Writer. Paris. July.
86. Lincoln, Hon. Levi, Ex-Governor of Mass., M. C., Judge, Collector, etc. Worcester, Mass. May 29.
78. Linsley, Rev. J. H., D.D., Clergyman and President Marietta College. Greenwich, Ct. March 22.
53. Lindsley, Nathaniel Sumner, LL.D., Philologist. Greenwood, Tenn. October 10.
73. Lord, Daniel, Eminent Counselor in Commercial Law, etc. New York City. March 4.
46. Lord, Rev. Nathan, M.D., Missionary Physician in India. New York City. January 24.
71. Lover, Samuel, Irish Poet and Novelist. London. July 8.
84. Lowrie, Hon. Walter, U. S. Senator and Sec. of Board of Foreign Missions. New York City. Dec. 14.
54. Lundy, Rev. Francis James, D.C.L., Episcopal Clergyman and Teacher. Newburgh, N. Y. April 9.
93. Lushington, Sir Stephen Rumbold, Statesman, Governor of Madras, etc. Kent, England. August.
67. Lyon, Rev. John C., Methodist Clergyman and Author. Catonville, Md. May 21.
60. Lyons, James Gilborne, D.D., LL.D., Preacher, Poet, and Teacher. West Haverford, Pa. February 3.
89. Macbride, John David, D.C.L., Principal Magdalen Hall, Oxford. Oxford, England. January 24.
66. M'Call, Maj.-Gen. George A., U.S.A., an Officer of Mexican and late War. Westchester, Pa. Feb. 25.
86. M'Crae, James Maize, Journalist and Editor. Washington, D.C. December 3.

Age. Name. Office or Position. Place and Date of Death.

43. M'Gee, Thos. D'Arcy, Journalist, Politician, and Canadian Cabinet Officer. Assass'd at Ottawa. April 7.
74. Mackenzie, William, M.D., F.R.C.S.I., Surgeon, Oculist, and Author. Glasgow. August.
56. Mallefille, Félicien, Popular French Dramatic Author. Paris. December.
M'Murray, William, State Senator New York, and Police Commissioner, 1864–1866. N. Y. City. May 31.
M'Rae, John J., Governor of Mississippi, Member of Congress 1857–1861. Balize, Honduras. May 30.
73. MacRae, Gen. Alexander, U.S.A. Wilmington, N. C. May 4.
82. M'Vickar, Rev. John, D.D., Professor in Columbia College. New York City. October 29.
Madagascar, Ravaheri Manjoka, Queen of. Antananariva, Madagascar. April.
74. Magee, Hon. John, M. C. from N. Y. 1827–31, Wealthiest Man in Central New York. Watkins, N. Y. April 5.
93. Majoribanks, Edward, Sen., Banker and Financier (Coutts's B'k). Greenland, Bucks Co., Eng. Sept. 17.
46. Mann, Hon. James, Member of Congress from Louisiana 1867–1868. New Orleans, La. August 26.
75. Mann, Abijah, Jun., Politician, and Member of Congress 1833–1837. Auburn, N. Y. September 6.
84. Marigny, Bernard de Mandeville, Wealthy French Citizen and Politician of La. New Orleans. Feb. 2.
80. Marsh, John, D.D., Editor, Clergyman, and Author. Brooklyn, N. Y. August 4.
56. Marsh, Marvin M., M.D., Teacher, Physician, and Sanitary Director. Carson, Ohio. June 9.
57. Matteucci, Carlo, Italian Physicist, Professor, and Statesman. Leghorn, Italy. June 24.
54. Mattison, Hiram, D.D., Methodist Clergyman, Teacher, and Author. Jersey City, N. J. November 24.
38. Maynadier, Brevet Brig.-Gen. Henry E., U.S.A., Major 12th Infantry. Charleston, S. C.
36. Menken, Adah Isaacs, an Actress in the Nude Drama, and Author. Paris, France. August 11.
78. Mervine, Rear-Admiral William, U.S.N. 60 years in Service. Utica, N. Y. September 15.
65. Miller, Commodore James F., U.S.N. 47 years in Service. Charlestown, Mass. July 11.
77. Milman, Henry Hart, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's, Poet and Historian. London. September 25.
Mitchell, S. Augustus, Geographer and Author of Geographical Text-Books. Philadelphia. Dec. 20.
57. Moise, E. Warren, Attorney-General of Louisiana, and Politician. Jefferson, La. June 29.
82. Monagas, Gen. José Tadeo, President of Venezuela 1846–1850 and 1868. Caraccas, Venezuela. Nov. 18.
66. Morehead, Charles S., M. C. 1847–51, Gov. of Ky. 1855–9, M. P. C. 1861, etc. Washington Co., Miss. Dec. 23.
74. Morse, Richard Cary, Founder and Publisher of N. Y. *Observer*. Kissingen Spa, Germany. Sept. 22.
48. Morton, Dr. W. T. G., reputed Discoverer of Etherization. New York City. July 15.
64. Mount, Shepard A., Portrait Painter. Stonybrook, L. I. September 18.
61. Mount, William S., *Genre* Painter. Setauket, L. I. November 19.
Muhlfield, ——, Ph.D., Austrian Jurist and Statesman. Hitzing, near Vienna, Austria. May 24.
Nance, Hon. Lee, Member S. C. Constitutional Convention. Assassinated, Newberry C. H., S. C. Oct. 19.
68. Narvaez, Don Ramon Maria, Duke of Valencia, Marshal of Spain, and Prime Minister. Madrid. April 23.
43. Negrose, John V., M.D., Eminent Colored Physician. Boston. November 27.
74. Newkirk, Matthew, Railroad President and Philanthropist. Philadelphia. May 31.
47. Nichols, John A., LL.D., Professor Mathematics in College of City of N. Y. New York City. Nov. 27.
70. Noyes, Rev. George Rapall, D.D., Clergyman, Professor, and Orientalist. Cambridge, Mass. June 3.
70. Noyes, Hon. Joseph C., M. C. from Maine 1837–1839, and U. S. Collector. Portland, Me. July 28.
123. Okee-wah, Mrs. Margaret, Ottawa Squaw. Bay Settlement, Wis. February 13.
40. Olarte, General Vincente, President of State of Panama. Panama, Central America. March 3.
64. Oldham, Judge W. S., Texan Jurist. Houston, Texas. May 8.
40. Olds, Rev. M. S., D.D., Episcopal Clergyman. Washington, D. C. September 17.
75. Olmstead, Hawley, LL.D., an Eminent Teacher, Rector Hopkins Gram. School. New Haven, Ct. Dec. 4.
O'Reilly, Rev. William, Vicar-General of Roman Catholic Diocese of Hartford. Newport, R. I. Dec. 20.
58. Page, Charles G., Professor of Chemistry and Physicist. Washington, D. C. May 5.
71. Paige, Hon. Alonzo C., New York Jurist and Author. Schenectady, N. Y. March 31.
Parker, Colonel Edmund Griffith, Author, Politician, and Military Officer. New York City. March 30.
60. Parker, William, Civil Engineer and Superintendent Panama Railroad. Assassinated, Panama. Sept. 24.
80. Parsons, Dr. Usher, Physician and Author, Naval Surgeon in War of 1812. Providence, R. I. Dec. 19.
45. Parvine, Rev. Robert J., Epis. Clergyman, Sec. Evan. Ed. Society. Drowned near Madison, Ind. Dec. 4.
67. Paul, Sir John Dean, English Banker, Transported but pardoned. St. Alban's, England. Sept.
Pendleton, Hon. John S., M. C. from Virginia 1845–1849, and Diplomatist. Culpepper C. H., Va. Nov. 19.
Pennington, William S., Secretary Legation at Paris under Mr. Dayton. Newark, N. J. Sept. 4.
80. Perthes, Boucher de Crevecœur, French Geologist and Author. Abbeville, France. August 3.
78. Pickering, Octavius, LL.D., A.A.S., Legal Writer and Naturalist. Boston. October 29.
74. Pinder, Rev. John Hothersall, Principal of Codrington and Wells Colleges. West Malvern, Eng. April 16.
28. Pisareff, Dimitry, Russian Philosopher and Essayist. Near Revel, Russia. July 16.
67. Plucker, Professor Julius, F.R.S., German Physicist, Professor, and Author. Bonn, Prussia. June.
64. Poe, Adam, D.D., Methodist Clergyman and Agent of Book Concern, Cincinnati. Cincinnati. June 26.
35. Pollard, Henry Rives, Editor. Assassinated, Richmond, Virginia. November 24.
55. Pope, Burrall Thomas, Alabama Jurist. Gadsden, Ala. May 7.
103. Posey, Mrs. Rachel, Revolutionary Pensioner. Valley Forge, Pa. August.
61. Potter, Hon. Chandler Eastman, Journalist and N. H. Jurist. Flint, Mich. August 3.
56. Prentiss, Commander George A., U.S.N., 42 years in the Service. Near Charleston, S. C. April 8.
64. Price, Joseph M., Surveyor, Banker, and Author, originator of 7-30 U. S. Certificates. N. Y. C. Dec. 21.
81. Putnam, Rev. Israel W., D.D., Congregational Clergyman and Author. Middleboro, Mass. May 3.
62. Quin, James M., M.D., Homœopathic Physician and Art Connoisseur. Morrisania, N. Y. March 27.
72. Quiner, Miss Joanna, self-taught Sculptor. Lynn, Mass. September 20.
Randolph, Hon. Benjamin F., State Senator S. C. (colored). Assassinated, Cokesbury, S. C. Oct. 16.
70. Raphall, Morris Jacob, D.D., Jewish Rabbi and Author. New York City. June 23.
44. Reed, General Henry E., Officer Rebel Army and Lawyer. Suicide, Louisville, Ky. November 9.
27. Reed, Lieut.-Commander, John Henry, U.S.N., 8½ years in Service. Osaka River, Japan. January 11.
76. Reynolds, John, English Teacher and Educator for 50 years. London. September.
60. Richardson, Prof. John F., Prof. Latin, etc., Rochester University. Rochester, N. Y. February 10.
60. Ridgeley, Commodore Daniel B., U.S.N., 40 years in the Service. Philadelphia. May 5.
71. Ripley, Miss Marianne, Teacher and Writer. Milwaukee, Wis. May 4.
32. Rising, Rev. Franklin S., Epis. Clergyman, Sec. Dom. Miss. Soc. Drowned near Madison, Ind. Dec. 3.
50. Rivers, Henry Wheaton, M.D., Army Surgeon and Author. Providence, R. I. December 3.
74. Rives, William C., U. S. Senator and Diplomatist. Castle Hill, Va. April 26.
60. Robertson, Hon. Anthony L., Chief Justice Superior Court, N. Y. New York City. December 18.
90. Robinson, Rev. Nathaniel, Baptist Clergyman for 60 years. Bangor, Me. October 8.
Rogers, Jason, Machinist and Locomotive builder. Morrisania, N. Y. August 26.
77. Rossini, Gioacchini, Eminent Musical Composer. Paris, France. November 13.
72. Rost, Hon. Pierre A., Jurist and Politician of La. New Orleans. September 7.
76. Rothschild, Baron James, Financier. Paris, France. November 15.
77. Salisbury, J. B. W. G. Cecil, 2d Marquis of, British Statesman. Hatfield House, Herts, England. April 12.
69. Schonbein, Prof. C. F., German Chemist, Inventor of Gun Cotton. Baden Baden, Germany. Sept. 4.
63. Sefton, John, Eminent English Actor. New York City. September 19.
43. Servia, Michael, Prince of. Assassinated, Belgrade. June 10.
82. Sewall, Rev. Samuel, D.D., Congregational Clergyman and Author. Burlington, Mass. February 18.
61. Seymour, Thomas H., Gov. Ct. 1850–54, M. C. 1843–1845, Minister to Russia 1854–57. Hartford, Ct. Sept. 3.
60. Shannon, Baron Carleton, Earl of. London. December 24.
66. Shearman, Sylvester Gardiner, R. I. Jurist. Providence, R. I. January 3.
66. Shepard, Rev. George C., D.D., Cong. Clergyman and Author, of Boston. Amherst, Mass. Dec. 12.
65. Shrewsbury, H. J. C. Talbot, 18th Earl of, Premier Earl of England. Shrewsbury Castle, Eng. June 5.
70. Siam, Phra-Bard-Somdetch-Phra-Pharamendr-Maha-Monkut, King of. Bangkok, Siam. October.
91. Silliman, Gold Selleck, an Eminent Lawyer and Scholar, Postmaster of Brooklyn. Brooklyn. June 3.
46. Simpson, Augustus W., Western Journalist. Kansas City, Mo. February 16.
76. Simpson, Gen. Sir Jas., G.C.B., British Officer, commanded in Crimean War. Horringer, Eng. April 18.
37. Smith, Brevet Brig.-Gen. B. Franklin, U.S.A., Major 12th Infantry. Fort Reno, Wyoming Ter. August.
68. Smith, Rev. George, D.D., Wesleyan Ecclesiastical Historian and Antiquarian. Camborne, Eng. Aug. 30.
Smith, Sir Henry, late Speaker of Canadian Legislature. Kingston, Can. September 18.
66. Smith, Brevet Brigadier-General Joseph R., U.S.A., Major Seventh Infantry. Monroe, Mich. Sept. 3.
Smith, Rev. Joseph, D.D., Presb. Clergyman, and President Franklin College, O. Greensburg, Pa. Dec. 4.
75. Smith, Seba, Author, Politician, etc. ("Major Jack Downing"). Patchogue, L. I. July 29.
81. Smith, General William R., Wisconsin Politician and Political Leader. Mineral Point, Wis. August 29.
76. Smyley, Captain W. H., United States Commercial Agent Falkland Isles. Montevideo, Uruguay. Feb. 14.
71. Smythe, Professor William, Professor in Bowdoin College. Brunswick, Me. April 4.
76. Sommers, Rev. Charles G., D.D., Baptist Clergyman and Author. New York City. December 19.
48. Souder, Caspar, Jun., Editor and Author. Philadelphia. October 21.
58. Spalding, Rev. Benedict J., D.D., Acting Roman Catholic Bishop of Louisville. Louisville, Ky. Aug. 4.
45. Steele, Brevet Major-General Frederick, U.S.A. San Mateo, Cal. Jan. 12.
73. Stevens, Edwin A., Inventor, and Steamboat and Railroad Builder. Paris, France. August 7.
75. Stevens, Thaddeus, Member of Congress and Statesman. Washington, D. C. August 11.
61. Stifter, Adalbert, German Novelist and Landscape Painter. Linz, Austria. January 28.
65. Stirling, Joseph Coyne, Irish Dramatist, Antiquarian, and Author. London. July 20.
75. Stockton, Thomas Hewlings, D.D., Methodist Clergyman, Orator, and Author. Philadelphia. October 9.
58. Stohlman, Rev. Charles F. E., D.D., Lutheran Clergyman and Author. New York City. May 3.
56. Stowe, Rev. Phineas, Baptist Clergyman of Seamen's Bethel. Boston. November 12.
62. Sutherland, Harriet E. G., Dowager Duchess of, Reformer, etc. Sutherland Castle. October 28.
59. Swain, William M., founder of Philadelphia *Ledger* and Baltimore *Sun*. Philadelphia. February 16.
Swayne, Hon. David L., LL.D., President of University North Carolina. Chapel Hill, N. C. Sept. 3.
72. Tattam, Ven. Henry, D.D., LL.D., etc., Egyptologist, Archdeacon of Bedford. Stanford Rivers, Eng. Jan. 8.
71. Tayloe, Benjamin Ogle, Wealthy Scholar and Virtuoso, of Washington, D. C. Rome, Italy. February 25.
Theodorus, Emperor of Abyssinia. Magdala, Abyssinia. April 13.
48. Thomas, Rev. Benjamin C., Baptist Clergyman and Missionary to India. New York City. June 11.
44. Thomas, George Housman, English Painter. Boulogne, France. July 21.
70. Thompson, Hon. Waddy, Member of Congress, Diplomatist, and Author. Tallahassee, Fla. November 23.
81. Thurston, Asa, D.D., Missionary A. B. C. F. M. Sandwich Islands. Honolulu. March 11.
63. Tod, Hon. David, Governor of Ohio 1862–1864, and Minister to Brazil 1847–1852. Youngstown, O. Nov. 13.
58. Todd, Rev. David, Presbyterian Clergyman and Teacher. Shelbyville, Ky. September 26.
25. "Tommy," a young Japanese in United States in 1860. Killed in battle near Neegata, Japan. November.
70. Tracy, Hon. Andrew, Member of Congress from Vermont 1853–1855, etc. Woodstock, Vt. October 28.
58. Tucker, Edward, English Botanist, Discoverer of Oidium or Grape Disease. Margate, Eng. March 8.
56. Turck, Ludwig, M.D., German Pathologist and Author. Vienna. February 25.
75. Van Buren, Maj. Lawrence, broth. of Prest. Van Buren, and P. M. of Kinderhook. Kinderhook, N. Y. July 2.
72. Vanderberg, Federal, M.D., Eminent Homœopathic Physician. Rhinebeck, N. Y. January 21.
74. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Sophia, Wife of Commodore Vanderbilt. New York City. August 17.
67. Vander Höven, Prof. J., Dutch Naturalist and Author. Leyden, Holland. March 11.
66. Van Lennep, Jacob, Dutch Novelist and Dramatist. Amsterdam. August 25.
76. Vassar, Matthew, Founder of Vassar College. Poughkeepsie. June 23.
73. Vaughan, Rev. Robert, D.D., Professor, College President, Editor, and Historian. London, Eng. June.
91. Viennet, M. ——, French Academician and Author. Paris. September.
53. Viriville, Vallet de, French Archæologist and Author. Paris. March.
74. Waagen, Dr. Gustav F., Danish Art Critic and Historian. Copenhagen. August.
66. Wade, Brigadier-General Melancthon S., an Officer of the late War. Avondale, Mo. August 12.
66. Walbridge, Hon. David S., Member of Congress from Michigan 1855–1859. Kalamazoo, Mich. June 17.
60. Walcott, Charles M., Sen., English Actor. New York City. May 13.
69. Walden, Lord Howard de, British Minister to Belgium. London. August 29.
58. Walewski, Count Adrian F. J., French Statesman and Diplomatist. Strasburg. September 26.
Ward, Horatio, Banker and Philanthropist to soldiers and their children. London. April.
Ward, Nathaniel Bagshaw, F.R.S., M.R.C.S.S., English Surgeon and Botanist. London. June.
97. Weeks, Joseph, Eminent New York Merchant. Islip, L. I. July 21.
Wells, Hon. Samuel, Governor of Maine 1856–1857, and Judge. Boston. July 15.
86. Wensleydale, Rt. Hon. J. Parke, First Lord, English Jurist. London. February 25.
80. Wetherall, Sir G. A., G.C.B., Governor of Military College at Sandhurst. Sandhurst. April 8.
76. White, Lieut.-General Sir Michael, K.C.B., British Cavalry Officer. London. January 27.
70. Whittlesey, Judge Thomas T., M. C. 1836–1839, and Jurist. Madison, Wis. September 1.
72. Wick, William W., Ohio Jurist. Franklin, Johnson Co., Ohio. May 19.
54. Wilmot, David, M. C., Judge, and U. S. Senator. Towanda, Pa. March 16.
66. Wilson, John, A.M., Eminent American Printer. Cambridge, Mass. August 3.
Wolf, Frederick, M.D., Surgeon U.S.A, and Austrian Army. St. Louis, Mo. November 11.
Wood, Isaac, M.D., Physician and Medical Professor. New York City. March 25.
42. Woodruff, Hon. John, M. C. from Ct. 1855–1857, and 1859–1861, and Coll. Int. Rev. New Haven, Ct. May 20.
50. Wortendyke, Hon. Jacob R., M. C. from New Jersey 1857–1859. Jersey City. November 7.
60. Wright, Hon. William B., Presiding Judge Court of Appeals, New York. Albany, N. Y. January 12.
103. Wright, Mrs., a Centenarian of Northern New York. Watertown, N. Y. July 25.
39. Yeomans, Edward D., D.D., Presbyterian Clergyman and Translator. Orange, N. J. August 26.



Cro'-Nest Mountain. Cemetery. Newburgh. Breakneck Mountain. Constitution Island. Cold Spring. Roe's Hotel. Officers' Quarters. Camp Para

WEST POINT AND VICINITY, FROM FORT PUTNA—F

Parade Ground. Battery Knox. Cadet Barracks. Academy Buildings. Riding-School and Mess Hall. Garrison's.

—From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 26.]

MY BRIDGE.

I built a bridge when May-crowned youth
 Danced near me with his songs and flowers;
It rested on false dreams of truth,
 And spanned vain hopes and rainbow hours,
Until Maturity one day
Mockingly laughed my bridge away.

I built a bridge in later days,
 Experience helped me lay the plan,
It rested on ambition's ways,
 A selfish, toilsome life its span,
Till Wisdom, in the evening's ray,
Calmly rebuked my bridge away.

At last I built a bridge of love,
 Resting in depths of tenderness,
And reaching human hearts; to move
 The young to cling, the old to bless,
Earth-bound this spans a heavenly ray;
And so it never melts away.

WEST POINT AND ITS VICINITY.

The Hudson is pronounced, even by foreign travelers, the most picturesque river in the world, not excepting even the far-famed Rhine. Rising among the Adirondacks it pursues an eastward course to Glenn's Falls, and there sweeps around southward, following this direction with little deviation to its mouth—a distance of 190 miles. Its banks are elevated and picturesque throughout nearly its whole course; in Greene and Ulster counties it almost skirts the Catskills, and just below Newburgh it begins its passage through the beautiful Highlands. From the first discovery of the river its associations have been romantic as well as historical. When Henry Hudson first passed up the stream, in 1609, he hoped to find in that way a passage to the East Indies—the goal of human exploration for two centuries after the discovery of this continent.

The most beautiful portion of the Hudson is that included within the limits of our illustration of West Point and its Vicinity, on pages 24 and 25. The course of the river in our sketch is from left to right, from Newburgh to below Garrison's Station. Here it has the appearance of a lake inclosed by the hills around.

This vicinity is invested with many literary associations. At Crow Nest Mountain Drake wrote "The Culprit Fay," one of the most exquisite of American poems. Below, at Cold Spring, resided George P. Morris, the American poet and journalist. On Constitution Island resides Miss Warner, the author of "The Wide Wide World."

To the visitor at West Point—51 miles above New York—each wooded height and rocky bluff recalls the stirring scenes of the Revolution. Early in the war the Hudson was of great strategic importance as the principal line of communication between the theatre of military operations and the country lying northward to Canada and the West. In accordance with the instructions of the Provincial Congress Fort Constitution was built on the island now known by the same name, but, on the first appearance of a British force in 1777, was abandoned as untenable. Early in the next year Fort Arnold (now Fort Clinton) was thrown up on the northeast angle of the plateau at West Point, and other forts were erected on the neighboring heights. A formidable obstruction was also made by stretching across the river at its narrowest point a boom of huge short logs, united at the ends by chains. Above this an immense chain—each link weighing 120 pounds—was buoyed up on logs, extending from one shore to the other. The Stirling Iron-works, where this chain was made, are still in operation at Sloatsburg Station, 25 miles from West Point. A portion of the chain is preserved, and is to be seen lying in a grove on the north side of the Plain.

Thus defended, West Point became an American Gibraltar, cutting off New York—then in the possession of the British—from the northern Provinces. In August, 1780, Major-General Benedict Arnold was assigned to command at West Point; and soon after, in the midst of a period of the deepest despondency on the part of the Americans, he plotted to betray his trust by the surrender of this fortress to the British. Arnold's head-quarters were at the Robinson House (which is still standing), opposite West Point. It was here that General Washington breakfasted with Mrs. Arnold at the very hour when her husband was flying to New York on the *Vulture* to escape the consequences of his treason, which, though yet unknown to the Commander-in-Chief, had been already discovered.

One hundred and fifty-seven feet above the river, on a plateau embracing about 50 acres, stands the United States Military Academy, established by Congress in 1802. From the hotel near Fort Clinton, Bull Hill and Breakneck mountains are seen to the right, rising respectively 1580 and 1187 feet; and, on the left, Crow Nest, towering 1428 feet above the water. In a grove of elms west of the hotel are trophy-guns taken during the Revolution, the war of 1812, the Mexican war, and the late rebellion. The buildings connected with the Academy contain objects of great historic interest. The whole neighborhood abounds with suggestive military associations. Here Arnold plotted treason; here also Washington wrought for the salvation of his country. Here were educated Robert Lee, Peter Beauregard, and the two Johnstons, who lifted up their arms resolutely but vainly to destroy the Republic; but here also were educated Grant, Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan, and other brave and able officers, to whose wisdom and patriotism the Republic owes its preservation.

MARION'S CHRISTMAS PATIENT.

I.

On a snowy day in the winter of 1860, and in the sitting-room of a small, unpretentious house at Hackney, two young people sat alone, holding a confabulation of a kind decidedly *not* agreeable, if one might judge from the expression of countenance with which it was carried on. Marion Radcliffe sat near the window, watching the snow fall; her well-developed figure was held haughtily erect, and her face wore a most unbecoming expression of defiance and sulkiness. How it disfigured her! The pretty, regular features and brown eyes did not just then appear attractive, even to her lover, who was her companion of that afternoon, and he refrained as much as possible from looking at her.

It was "only a lovers' quarrel" that was taking place. Marion thought of the common phrase which she had heard lightly spoken many a time, but of which hitherto she had had no practical experience. While her bosom heaved with tumultuous feelings she dwelt upon the word "*only*," and tried to think as lightly as she had ever done of this phrase, believing that the little quarrel in which she was indulging would soon be cleared up, and that she and Arthur Grove would be greater lovers than ever. But how this was to come about she could not tell, for she was stolidly determined not to "give in" first, and every time she opened her lips she said some bitter, scathing words, which made it more difficult for her companion to try to effect a reconciliation. He was first astonished, then wounded, and at length sorrowfully indignant.

Arthur Grove was a young man of literary tastes and great ability. He had known Marion's father, who was also a literary man; and to him Arthur largely owed a favorable introduction into the world of letters. Mr. Radcliffe had highly esteemed him, for his pure, manly character, no less than for his undoubted abilities; and having an only daughter whom he wished to see happily married, he had encouraged the intimacy which, naturally enough, sprang up between Marion and his young friend. So great was his appreciation of Arthur Grove that more than once Marion had to hear him say, half-playfully, half gravely, "Marion, my child, see that you make yourself worthy of Arthur Grove." This actually stung Miss Marion's vanity, and the resolve she made was, "Arthur shall see that I am not to be won too easily."

However, Arthur Grove was blessed in loving, as men of his stamp must ever be, whether their love be fully reciprocated or not. A man of a thoughtful, poetic temperament, of simple, studious habits, of a retiring, almost shy, disposition, of deep, earnest feeling, he was slow in giving his love to any one; but once given it would remain hers forever, to be prized or scorned, as the case might be, but not to be transplanted.

Mr. Radcliffe died in the spring of 1860, so that he was not permitted to see his hopes consummated by a union between his daughter and Arthur Grove. But he expressed his earnest wish that it might take place as soon as the young folks could see it practicable. Arthur must first make himself a standing; for he had to work with brain and hand for a living, and Marion had no rich dower. Her father died a comparatively poor man, leaving but a modest competency for his widow.

Nine months of mourning had passed by, and now foolish Marion was plunging herself into a new trouble. She had of late been pleased to take it into her head that Arthur's absolute trust in her, and unconcern regarding every body else who happened to pay her small attentions, ought perhaps to be considered a species of indifference. So she resolved to put him to the test by getting up a flirtation with a middle-aged bachelor, who was paying a Christmas visit to one of her friends and neighbors.

Arthur listened to her frequent allusions to the "delightful society" of this Mr. Stow with complete imperturbability; and it was not until the afternoon of which I am writing that he felt moved to say one word about Marion's new acquaintance. Arthur had promised to be with her at a certain hour, and when he arrived, punctual as he always was, he was somewhat surprised to find that Marion had gone out without leaving any message for him—"gone out with Mr. Stow," the servant believed. Mrs. Radcliffe was up stairs lying down, not so well as usual to-day, so Arthur took a book, and sat down by the window to await Marion's return.

Half an hour passed by, and then he saw her coming along the road, laughing and chatting with extreme animation under Mr. Stow's umbrella, and leaning on his arm. Arthur was surprised about it all, but he was not disposed to be annoyed in the least. Marion, he thought, would explain it quite to his satisfaction. But, to his surprise, when she came in, her face bright and glowing with the cold air and exercise, she did not go up to him with her customary greeting, but stood drawing off her gloves, and said in a cold, hard tone, "I suppose you are very angry with me."

"Indeed I am not," he answered, kindly, "but I should like you to come and tell me the meaning of this."

She misconstrued his words, and replied, snappishly, "The meaning of what?"

"Just the meaning of your running away when you were expecting me, leaving me to shiver in solitude for an age, waiting for my lady-love."

"Then I don't choose to give an account of myself every time I stir out of doors," she answered, untying her bonnet with a jerk. "I have been in excellent hands, as no doubt you saw from the window; and it must content you to know simply that I was safe and happy while out of your sight."

The tone and manner, more than the words, stung Arthur sorely. "Why, Marion! what is coming over you?" he said, in surprise. "I can scarcely recognize you; you are so unlike your dear old self. Have I to thank Mr. Stow for this sudden change in you?"

"Ah!" she responded, with a silly forced laugh, "now I see you are actually jealous! Well, it is all right to discover what is in a man before you irrevocably bind yourself to him. Jealous or not, you must know, Arthur, that I am never to be controlled with regard to my friends. I shall always speak to any body and every body I like."

"My dear child, I have no wish to control you in so simple a matter: I can trust to your good sense to do what is right. I don't expect that you will ever shrink from telling me of your acquaintances, so come now and let me hear about this new friend of yours. You must not be making a quarrel out of nothing. Come, you have not even shaken hands with me yet." He approached her, but she shrugged her shoulder, threw her cloak and bonnet on the sofa, and passed him to take a seat at the window.

"It is yourself making the quarrel," she said, hardly, "so you needn't reproach me about it; and I really don't care to shake hands with you, Arthur, until you have begged my pardon. You have upset me very much."

"How, Marion? and for what am I to beg your pardon?" he asked, thrusting his hands into his pockets, and looking at her with surprise, almost with annoyance. She was taxing his pride and his patience rather too far.

She did not speak, and he resumed. "It would have been more like my good little lady had she asked *my* pardon when she came in, though I did not wish her to do so. She has never before so forgotten herself as to make no apology for not being strictly faithful to an engagement. But I will gladly beg your pardon, Marion, if you will tell me what I need it for."

"If you have not the sense and feeling to prompt you to act as a gentleman, you need not expect that I am to be your prompter."

Arthur was silent for a few moments. Then he sat down, and said, "Well, really, I am overcome with amazement!"

Marion began to feel remorse, and to think that she had already gone far enough, or too far. She felt that she was lowering herself terribly in his eyes. If she had immediately apologized when she spoke of apology, she might have cleared the foolish little affair up at once. But now that he apparently refused to do so, how could she give in? She was afraid that she had really wounded him, and that thought aggravated her growing remorse. One way was still left to her—to turn the whole thing into fun, to laugh heartily over it, heal every bitter feeling with kisses, and hope that the farce might never be changed to tragedy in their experience. But just as she was on the point of thus trying to set matters straight, he resumed—

"Yes, I am amazed; but I think I can now discover a clew to the mystery: you are taking this means of giving me a dismissal, of apprising me of your changed feelings toward me—for that they *are* changed I can have no doubt. I am sure the old love you had for me would not have permitted you to be so hard, unjust, cruel to me."

"Go on, Sir," replied Marion, in an iron tone, though her face grew pale at his words. "Multiply your harsh sayings; it is well that I should know you in your true character."

"You knew me so, long ago, Marion," he replied; "but it seems that I did not know *you*, indeed I had not the faintest suspicion that you could ever be the Marion of this hour. If you had adopted milder measures to effect our separation I could have blessed you even in my anguish, for I should have had at least tender memories to cherish. But now, nothing will be left me but the mockery of a fond and foolish dream. The unexpectedness of this shock is almost too much for me," he added, "and I will not say more lest I should utter wounding things which I should afterward deeply regret. I shall try to bear my fate manfully. I suppose there are other things besides fickle woman's love worth living for."

Marion felt scarcely able to control herself. Affection and pride were struggling within her for the mastery, and it seemed probable that the former would win the day, when the struggle was summarily suspended by low sobbing in the hall, and then a knock at the room door.

"Come in," said Marion, in a firm voice. And the servant appeared, leading a little girl in extreme distress.

"What's the matter?" asked Marion. "Hush—hush, Bertha! one would think you were nearly killed."

"Please, miss, she has cut the tip of her finger nearly off, and her poor ma can't even look at it, so she sent to ask if you would please to bind it up for her."

The sight of the blood and the thought of the severed finger gave Marion a little thrill, but she kept outwardly calm, dismissed the servant, soothed the child, and cut some strips of healing-plaster, which, with steady hands, she soon bound round the tiny maimed finger, Arthur watching her all the while.

"What a nerve you have!" he remarked, quietly. "You would do for a hospital nurse."

"Thank you," she said, bowing ironically, for she fancied she detected scorn, depreciation, every thing ungracious in his words.

"Now, Bertha," she said, "I will take you home to your mamma, and let her see that you have survived the operation."

Arthur took the hint, and rose to go.

"Well, Marion, is this really to be a good-by?" he said.

"You have acted as though you wished it to be," she replied.

"Nay, don't say that. *You* have acted so, Marion."

"Reproaches to the very last," she responded, with proud bitterness. "I care not what happens," she added, rapidly. "Yes, say good-by, and let it be a final one. No doubt it will be for the best for both of us. It would never do to have repetitions of this hour's doings; and I don't see how what has happened can ever be got over. Don't keep me waiting; say good-by at once, and let me go."

He felt like one in a dream as he took her hand, pressed it, and wished her good-by. The word which had aforetimes been so fondly and tenderly spoken, now sounded like a knell: the ring of hope was gone from it, and it spoke of nothing but departed joys.

With a flushed face Marion turned to the child, and Arthur Grove left the house.

II.

Arthur walked home to his lodgings in a state of utter bewilderment. He felt somewhat like a mariner who has encountered a sudden storm, which has overwhelmed him with its fury, and left him a helpless wreck; and all in so short a space of time that he can say, "But an hour ago my vessel was taut and trim, careering along under smiling skies to its desired haven—and now!"

Going through the snowy streets, Arthur saw nothing, felt nothing. The snow whirled about him—he did not heed it; the cutting wind blew right in his face—he did not feel it; the roar of traffic was presently around him—he was oblivious of it. To his dulled ear no sound came but an indistinct moaning, like the far-off voice of an angry sea.

He walked like an automaton to his lodgings, and having shut the door upon the world, sank down helplessly upon a couch. For a long time he lay motionless, with closed eyes, thinking, trying to recall the words that had passed between Marion and himself, and asking himself whether he had been provoking, harsh, or unreasonable to her. His conscience wholly acquitted him, though; and then bitter thoughts succeeded the questionings. "She has been fooling me!" he exclaimed, rousing from his long reverie, "leading me to believe in a love which never really existed in her heart for me. Could real love wound so cruelly, so causelessly, and be so fickle? No, no! I will try to forget her, and at the same time all dreams of love shall be forgotten and put out of mind forever. As I said to her, there are other things to live for besides woman's love. And whatever my fate may be I will try to be equal to it."

Remembering that he had an article to finish and send off to the City that evening, he manfully sat down to his desk, and in working found the best antidote to grief that earth can afford. He shook off the feeling of lassitude that oppressed him, and though his first efforts with pen and ink were irksome to him, he presently became quite absorbed with his theme.

Meanwhile, how fared Marion? Having returned from taking little Bertha home, where she staid chatting some time, Marion found her mother down stairs, and tea waiting. Mrs. Radcliffe inquired about the doings of the afternoon, and Marion replied that she had been out, enjoying a long walk in the snow, in the earlier part of the afternoon.

"I hope you took your boots off directly you came in," said Mrs. Radcliffe, anxiously.

"Indeed I did not, mamma," replied Marion, lightly, "and now I believe they have dried on my feet. I had forgotten all about them."

"Marion, Marion!" said her mother, "you want as much looking after as a child. Take them off instantly."

Marion laughed as she stooped to obey. Her face was flushed and her manner excited.

"My stockings are yet a little damp," she said. "I walked in the thickest snow I could find, it was so enjoyable. But I suppose it soon penetrated my not over-thick boots."

"You should have a foot-bath, and go to bed immediately," said Mrs. Radcliffe, nervously. "Now do so directly after tea, my child, to please me. I will try to entertain Arthur this evening, and make every excuse for you."

"Very well, mamma, I'll go," assented Marion; and not a word of explanation about Arthur did she add. She was rather glad to get off out of the way, to avoid the inquiries which his non-appearance would be sure to arouse. Besides, she felt a little feverish and giddy, and the thought of rest and complete solitude was most welcome to her. So she went soon to bed, and Mrs. Radcliffe staid down stairs with her knitting, expecting a well-known knock. But the evening passed away, and no Arthur appeared to tax her entertaining powers.

She and Marion occupied rooms which opened one out of the other. When she went up to bed she went into Marion's room, intending to speak of Arthur; but the young girl was asleep, her flushed face pressed close against her pillow. Mrs. Radcliffe looked at her with tender concern for a few moments, and then returned noiselessly to her own room.

The next morning, on awaking, Marion felt very unwell. She was slightly feverish, and her mind was so confused that she could scarcely recall the events of the preceding day. Yet she had a heavy consciousness that there was something terrible to be remembered, and to be encountered too.

It seemed to her that nothing could be done, at least not by herself. Had she followed the promptings of her better feelings she would have decided to write to him, deploring her folly and waywardness, and apologizing for her rude and unkind behavior to him. But her pride forbade this. "He would think I was stooping to effect a reconciliation; and I'll never stoop to any man," she said to herself. "Besides, I think Arthur is to blame." But how, or for what he was to blame, she had no definite idea.

It was a wretched morning; the snow of the previous day was thawing, and the air was raw and chill. Marion had nothing to do, and the weight at her heart prevented any desire for occupation.

"Arthur did not come last night, my dear," said her mother, presently. "How is it you have not inquired for him?"

"Because I did not expect him, mamma," she replied, in as natural a manner as she could command; "neither do I expect him to-day. Something has occurred which may prevent his coming for a time."

"Any thing serious, Marion?"

"Oh no, mamma," she replied, as she sat down to the piano. She hoped that her playing would put a stop to conversation, and it did.

She played on without cessation for nearly an hour, when relief came in the person of Mr. Stow, who made his appearance, smiling and affable, with the consciousness that his presence was welcome.

He had brought a book for Miss Marion, and some small talk passed upon it. Then he ventured to opine that she wanted outdoor exercise; and being a believer in walking in all weathers, he moreover ventured to assure Miss Marion that exercise, even on such a day, would be far better for her than staying indoors. It was well for young ladies not to make hot-house flowers of themselves. Would she allow him the honor and pleasure of accompanying her on a brisk morning walk?

Marion consented. She was ready to do any thing, go any where, to get rid of herself just then, to forget her foolishness, and the misery it was entailing upon herself. So she got ready, and went out under the protection of her suave friend.

As they walked away from the house, Arthur Grove, as yet a long, long way out of sight, was steadily approaching it; for on awaking that morning all his old love for Marion filled his soul with such a rush that he felt he could forgive her every thing, that he must save her from the bitter consequences which a foolish impulse might have caused her blindly to dare. He put aside pride, wounded feeling, bitterness, every thing; and resolved that nothing but a firmly-expressed wish from her that they should part, uttered in cold blood too, should break the bond which he had hitherto thought too strong and too sacred for any earthly power to sever. With this brave and generous resolve he set off to Hackney, as soon as his morning engagements would permit; but as he neared the neighborhood where he had spent so many happy hours of his life, he discerned afar off the well-known figure of Marion, and that of her friend of the day before. They did not see him, and he slipped into a shop, asked for an article which he wanted no more than the man in the moon, and waited for the couple to pass by. They came walking rapidly; Mr. Stow was talking with great animation, and Marion, leaning on his arm, was listening as if with absorbed attention. Just as they passed the door a light laugh escaped Marion, and she said, gayly, in response to her companion, "That's rich!"

"How happy and light-hearted she is, after crushing me into the dust of despair!" muttered Arthur, with a whitening face, as he left the shop and hurried along, he scarcely knew whither; but not in the direction of those two. All his revived hopes were blasted again, and now he set his heel upon them and crushed them out of existence.

He found himself at a railway station in a few minutes, and in a short time was again in the whirl and turmoil of City life. It suited him just then: it was typical of the state of his agitated mind.

III.

It was not to be wondered at that Marion renewed her cold, dabbling about for an hour or two in the mire with Mr. Stow on such a morning. Had she been in bright and happy spirits, she might have greatly repelled the advances of disease; but in such a frame of mind as she was, now depressed almost to lifelessness, now agitated by contending emotions, and all the while full of terrible suspense, she was an easy prey for any malady.

The next day she was confined to her bed by low fever. For many days she was hovering between life and death. In her ravings she mingled the names of Arthur and Mr. Stow with mad vehemence, bewailing, abjuring, reproaching, entreating in most piteous fashion. Her mother wondered and sorrowed, wondered, too, that day after day passed by without Arthur's coming or sending. At length she wrote to him, begging him to come; but, to her distress and amazement, her letter was returned, with the information that Mr. Grove had left England suddenly.

There was, therefore, nothing to do but to wait for Marion's recovery to get a solution to this mystery. But the poor old mother was destined never to get it, for before Marion regained sufficient strength for much conversation, Mrs. Radcliffe succumbed herself to fever, and the two lay in the house together, helpless.

At this juncture Mrs. Radcliffe's maiden sister, Miss Halliwell, arrived to take charge of the two invalids. She was highly qualified for such a task; for she had for many years given almost her whole attention to the sick.

Under her regimen Marion rapidly recovered, and then she could not be deterred from assisting in tending her poor mother, who lay in a very precarious state. Marion concealed her grief as much as possible from her aunt; but in silence she sorrowed deeply to see her mother suffering and sinking day by day, and to think that the fault lay at her door.

"Oh! if she will only recover," said Marion, with bitter tears, as she sat by her bedside in the twilight one afternoon watching her, "if she will only recover, my whole life shall be devoted to her! I will never, never cause her another moment's trouble!"

But she did not recover: she died, and Marion was left a desolate orphan. Oh! the desolation of those first weeks of bereavement! Marion had never imagined any thing like it before. And her sorrow was aggravated by the bitterest remorse, self-reproaches, agonizing penitence for her sin against her lover, which had entailed all this subsequent suffering and misery. It was to her like being in a furnace heated seven times; but out of it she came purified, a new creature, full of meekness, humility, and love.

Such was the spirit in which Marion arose from the dust of her sore affliction; and, having her Aunt Halliwell hovering near at that crisis, Marion's feet were at once directed into paths of usefulness. "Come with me, my child," said her aunt, "and do Christ's work among the suffering." And the elder and the younger went forth to it together.

Marion fully unbosomed herself to her aunt, hiding nothing about her willfulness and cruelty to Arthur Grove.

"Child, child!" she exclaimed, with tears, on hearing the story, "what if you have ruined him? Men have been ruined so—body and soul. How could you so doom him to misery?" Then, seeing how this augmented Marion's distress, she added, soothingly: "Well, we will try our best to find him, that the past may be repaired as far as possible."

Miss Halliwell was an energetic woman, and thought little of undertakings which would frighten ordinary women out of their wits to think of accomplishing. She was about London, here, there, and every where, and knew all sorts and conditions of people. "I will soon get tidings of some sort of Mr. Grove," she said, sanguinely. And she did get tidings. She foraged about in city offices until she succeeded, and the news she carried home to Marion was, that on a certain afternoon in the previous December (it was now February) Mr. Grove had called on a friend of his who was about starting to America; that he begged to be allowed to accompany him; that there and then he wound up the few little affairs that bound him to England; and within a week was on his way across the Atlantic. Whither he was bound, or what he intended doing, Miss Halliwell could not learn.

"I can only pray for him," said Marion, quietly, as she received this news.

Time passed on, and the echo of the thunder of war, sickening, though made faint by distance, came booming across the Atlantic; and hearts in England ached for hearts that were bleeding in America. It filled Marion full of foreboding, and her thirst for information about the terrible civil struggle was so great that she eagerly devoured every bit of news that the papers could give. All the harrowing details of battle she read; long lists of names were eagerly scanned by her, all in the vain hope of seeing the name of an imaginary volunteer. Little did she think as she read the powerful descriptions of sanguinary conflict in one of the daily papers that the long columns had been penned by Arthur Grove's own hand. He was not in the thick of the battle, as she feared; but he was following in the wake of one of the armies as a chronicler, not as a fighter.

The great wave of blood that washed out the curse of slavery in that mighty continent ebbed; the battle-clouds rolled away, and the land once more breathed the air of peace.

Meanwhile Marion pursued her blessed task untiringly. No news had reached her either to nurture or kill "the hope that keeps alive despair." Every day in her prayers she commended her much-wronged, and now greatly-beloved, friend to God, and she tried to believe that he was safe somewhere in the Good Father's keeping. One Christmas an experienced nurse at one of the West End hospitals fell suddenly ill, and Miss Halliwell at once proposed replacing her by Marion. The quiet, earnest-faced young lady was approved as substitute and ensconced in the accident-ward.

On the afternoon of Christmas-eve a new case was brought in. A gentleman had fallen back in getting to the top of an omnibus, and, while consciousness remained, had requested to be taken to the nearest hospital. He was brought in, in an unconscious state, and, his injuries having been ascertained and attended to, he was given over into Marion's care. He had a broken leg and a fracture of the ribs. He was a thin, middle-aged man, with a pale, bearded face. Marion surveyed him critically by the dim gas-light, as he took his first sleep after the operation. It struck her that the upper part of his face was like Arthur Grove's, and his hair was the same color; but Arthur's face was as fair and smooth as a girl's, with only a light brown arch of hair on the upper lip; this man had a full, dark brown beard, which wholly concealed the lower part of his face and fell on his breast. Then this face was old, and there were lines in the forehead, she saw, as he shifted in his sleep and turned his face toward the light.

"Arthur would not look such an elderly man as that, even after the lapse of six years. I fancy I detect a likeness to *him* in every stranger I see," said Marion, as if to chide herself for her affectionate weakness.

Still, after she had gone noiselessly from bed to bed to look at her patients, she went hovering round the stranger again. She stood gazing at him like one fascinated. "He is certainly like Arthur," she said, mentally; "if I could see his eyes I might determine better. In six years he would look older, of course, and he might have grown a beard in that time. I wonder"—here she paused and moved away, for he put his hands to his head restlessly and opened his eyes for a moment. Then he lay still many minutes, and Marion resumed, watching at a distance—

"I wonder can it, *can it* be he? If so, how can I act? what ought I to do? If it be really he, how changed he is! how dreadfully altered, and I the cause! *Poor dear!* But how dare I say *that?* He may be the darling of another; and how could I endure to hear it? O God! if that be part of the punishment I have to bear, help me to bear it, I entreat thee!" she inwardly ejaculated, closing her eyes, and lifting her face, which had grown pale as she thought on these things.

When she unclosed her eyes, which were dewy with tears, she saw that her new patient had his open, and was looking about curiously. In a moment she controlled herself, became once more the calm, self-possessed nurse, and, approaching him with official firmness, she said, softly, "Do you want any thing?"

As the words fell on his ears he looked hard at her, but she was standing with her face in shadow, and, not to keep her waiting too long for an answer, he replied, with an invalid's pettishness, "Dear, dear! I've just realized that I am in a hospital, doomed to a four or five weeks' weary lie down!"

"You must lie perfectly still, or you will displace your leg," said Marion, as he seemed disposed to fidget his whole body; "the more quiet you are the sooner you will be released from this bed-bondage. Are you easy? Can I give you any thing, or do any thing for you?"

"No, thank you."

"Would you like any friends sent to, to be made aware of your accident?"

"No, thank you; I have no friends," he said, shortly. And then he fixed his eyes upon her, and stared hard. She endured it for several seconds, and then she was about to turn away, when he said, appealingly, "Nurse, don't go."

"Can I give you any thing?" she said, slightly confused.

"Yes; water, please."

He knew that would bring her close enough, for she had to lift his head. She did so very gently, and held the water to his lips. He drank slowly, and gazed at her all the while, so that she felt the color mounting to her face; but the light was dim, and when she replaced his head on the pillow she made a strong effort, and regained her composure. A thrill of recognition passed through each heart, but both remained silent. Marion went and sat down at a distance, and, shading her face with her hand, pretended to be absorbed in a book. Her new patient watched her eagerly, noted the tumultuous heaving of her bosom, and wondered what he ought to say or do. What would come of this strange meeting? Was he in a dream, or was that nurse really Marion Radcliffe? If so, what train of circumstances had brought her there? How came she to be fulfilling the position of nurse?

Marion, too, was wondering what she ought to say or do. The chief feeling which filled her heart was one of intense thankfulness.

"Here he is, actually in my presence, under my care; and here he must remain, safe and restful, for some weeks. Thank God for this blessed knowledge!" she said, fervently.

A long time passed by in silence. Marion moved about to one and another as she saw she was needed; but she did not again approach her new patient. Presently the night-nurse came to relieve her, and she gladly glided out of the ward.

The night-nurse, a strong, middle-aged woman, went the length of the ward to look at her patients, and made a pause opposite the new one. He was broad awake, and appeared restless.

"Are you comfortable?" she asked him, kindly.

"Yes, thank you. Will you tell me who is the nurse that was here just now?" he said, eagerly.

"That is Miss Radcliffe; she is a lady who assists whenever she is needed, not a regular nurse."

"Thank you. Will she come to-morrow?"

"Yes, I believe so."

He asked nothing more, but lay thinking, thinking through half the night.

Marion, too, was wakeful through its long, cold hours, thinking and praying.

It was with a trembling heart that she went to her post the next day. She felt that a crisis in her history had come, and she half dreaded to meet it. "I will meet it in the strict and simple discharge of my duty," she resolved; "then, whatever may come of it, I shall have the blessed consciousness that I have done just what I ought to."

Marion passed on, speaking to one and another, until she neared her new patient. She paused then, and he called, "Nurse."

She approached him. "Have you no word for me?" he said, fixing his heavy eyes on her with a yearning expression. "Don't you recognize a poor old friend?" he added, putting his hand outside the bed-clothes for hers. She gave it, and he held it firmly. "Marion, speak!" he whispered.

She sank down on the side of his bed, and felt choking with repressed tears. "Can you really forgive me, Arthur?" she said, at length.

He drew her hand to his trembling lips, and held it there, with his eyes closed. When he reopened them they were wet with thankful tears.

"Can we be dear friends again?" he said, in a low voice.

"If you will, Arthur," she replied.

"If I will! Oh, Marion! I never, never willed to be any thing but that; and yet how cruelly we were severed! It seems now like a hideous dream that has darkened the best years of my life. Why was it? How was it? I have never yet been able to answer those questions. And is the lone darkness to give place to light at last? Is the heart really to return to its resting-place, Marion?"

"If it will," answered Marion, with bowed head. "But, Arthur, you have so much to forgive. I can not expect—" She paused, unable to proceed.

He still held her hand, and gazed at her with those moist, sunken eyes.

"This is the best of days on which to have feuds forgiven, wrongs forgotten, and all discord and displeasure give place to sweet peace and good-will. It is the day of days on which I'd choose to be restored to the happiness I've so long lost. There is nothing, not absolutely heinous, which love can not readily forgive and overlook. I am convinced that my Marion could do nothing which I could not forgive. I *have*, long, long ago, Marion, dearest," he said, fervently, though in the same very low voice; "but we can not ever enjoy each other's *friendship*, merely as such. I am sure I couldn't be satisfied with it; could you, Marion?"

The blood mounted to her forehead, but she did not speak.

"No, no," he resumed, "it must be the old, warm love, which has never yet died. It has been shut up here in my bosom, sacredly kept for the only woman I ever loved or could love."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN old lady, who was in the habit of declaring after the occurrence of an unusual event that she had predicted it, was one day very nicely sold by her worthy spouse, who had got tired of her continual "I told you so." Rushing into the house breathless with excitement, he dropped into his chair, elevated his hands, and exclaimed: "Oh, wife, wife, what—what—what do you think? The old brindle cow has gone and ate up our grindstone!" The old lady was ready, and hardly waiting to hear the last word she broke out at the top of her lungs: "I told you so! I told you so! You always would let it stand out of doors."

A respectable old Irish lady was walking along a country road one day, when suddenly her indignation was aroused on beholding the untidy abode of a small Irish farmer who had his dunghill in front of his house, whereupon the old lady exclaimed, "Dear me, dear me! how I do hate to see a house with its rear in the front!"

"Is Mr. Jones in?" asked an Irishman of the porter in an hotel.

"No," was the reply; "will you leave your name?"

"Och, murther, do you think I'd be after going home without a name?"

A witness in a late divorce suit kept saying that the wife had a very *retaliating* disposition—that she "retaliated for every little thing." "Did you ever see her husband kiss her?" asked the wife's counsel. "Yes, Sir, often." "Well, what did she do on such occasions?" "She always retaliated, Sir."

"John," said a master to his head apprentice, as he was about starting on a short journey, "you must occupy my place while I am absent." "Thank you, Sir," demurely replied John, "but I'd rather sleep with the boys."

NEW-YEAR'S DAY—1869.

1. The Individual who has but one Call to make, and makes it with all his Children.

"2. Many Happy Returns of the Day indeed!"

THE LATE M. BERRYER.

ON the morning of November 29, 1868, died M. BERRYER, the eminent forensic advocate and French politician. He was born in Paris, January 4, 1790; his father was an advocate, but PIERRE ANTOINE BERRYER, the subject of this notice, was at first intended for the Church. He was educated, accordingly, at the Oratorian School of Juille, but had scarcely reached the age of manhood when he changed his profession, began to study the law, and married, at twenty-one, a young lady named GAUTIER, who had seen but sixteen years. He soon entered on practice at the bar; and his powers as an orator and debater were shown not only in the courts of law, but in his political addresses. His father was one of those liberal Royalists who had hoped to engraft on the French monarchy a constitution like that of England; and both father and son were consistent Liberals, though neither of them allowed political feeling to interfere with the duties of an advocate. As NAPOLEON was tottering to his downfall, BERRYER had the boldness to proclaim his downfall at Rennes, and to raise the white cockade. This proceeding led to an order from the prefect for his arrest; but, fearing a too summary execution of justice, he escaped to Nantes. He won his first distinction at the bar by his father's side, in contending for the life of the unfortunate Marshal NEY. His eloquence on this occasion assured the successful career of the young advocate. CAMBRONNE, another of the Bonapartists then accused of treason, immediately confided his cause to BERRYER junior, and was justified by an acquittal, though BERRYER was himself accused of uttering sedition in his speech. He stood this attack firmly; and the King, admiring his steadiness, granted the pardon of General DEBELLE to his solicitation. In 1826 he defended the Abbé LAMENNAIS on a charge of sedition, and obtained his acquittal on one count of the indictment, and the infliction of a very small penalty on the other. In 1830 BERRYER was elected deputy for the Haute Loire, and made his first appearance in the Chamber, taking, as might be expected, high rank as a speaker. He was opposed to the Revolution, and favored the succession of the young Duc de Bordeaux, under the regency of his mother, the Duchess de Berri. He was, in fact, the head of the Legitimists, and was therefore suspected of complicity with the Duchess de Berri in her insurrection in La Vendée in 1832. BERRYER had gone to Nantes with a letter from CHATEAUBRIAND, urging the Duchess to abstain from such a course as she meditated; and being naturally apprehensive of an arrest, he determined to go to Switzerland for a time. He was, however, apprehended and taken to Nantes. He was tried at Blois on October 16, 1832; and the case was seriously damaging to the French Government. The Royalist feelings of BERRYER were well known; but the public were amazed to find that the evidence against him was a fabrication supported by perjury. BERRYER was at once acquitted, and speedily assumed his place in the Legislature, from which he demanded the pardon of the Duchess, who had been at length found and imprisoned. On this event occurring CHATEAUBRIAND published a pamphlet, in which he addressed the Duchess, and used the words, "Votre fils est notre roi." He received addresses from a large number of students. The Government prosecuted him for sedition, along with the editors of six journals in which his reply to the students had appeared. BERRYER was retained for the defense, and obtained a unanimous verdict of acquittal for all his clients. In 1834-35 he successfully defended D'ARGENSON, DE PUYRAVEAU, and GARNIER PAGES; and in 1836 was presented by the French Legitimists with the estate of Angerville, which his difficulties compelled him to offer for sale in the following year; but the party again raised a subscription for him. He paid a visit to CHARLES X. in his exile shortly before his decease. On the trial of LOUIS NAPOLEON for his attempt at Boulogne in 1840, the Prince chose BERRYER and MARIE as his defenders, and BERRYER made a bold speech, saying it was natural that the Prince should desire to place himself at the head of the French nation as chief mourner for NAPOLEON, whose remains were then on their way from St. Helena. His dynasty had been elected by 4,000,000 Frenchmen, and he was the heir to that throne. He must be treated like those of other deposed dynasties, and condemned simply to exile. At the end of the same year France was roused by the success of Sir C. NAPIER at Acre, and the peaceful address of the French Ministry was fiercely debated. BERRYER, in his speech against it, called on the Chamber to make a protest which would gladden the spirit of that great enemy of England. BERRYER was one of the French deputies who attended the mock Court of the Count de Chambord in Belgrave Square in 1843; but he spoke powerfully in his own defense and that of 3000 other French subjects, and in indignant protest against a paragraph of the royal address reflecting on them. He attacked the Ministry in the same year for disavowing the acts of Admiral DUPETIT THOUARS in seizing Tahiti; and in 1845 he urged the plea of liberty of conscience against the law to exile the Jesuits. At the Revolution of 1848 BERRYER made no sign, but was chosen deputy for the Bouches du Rhone. During the Republic he said little, but was opposed to LOUIS NAPOLEON, and protested against the repeal of the law exiling the Bourbons, for the curious reason that the Count de Chambord, a monarch kept illegally from his throne, could not accept permission to enter his own kingdom. BERRYER joined with the party that endeavored to destroy the power of the President and to impeach him; but when the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851, had been effected, he ceased to take an active part in politics. He endeavored to effect a reconciliation between the branches of the Bourbons. He was bâtonnier of the French bar in 1852, and was elected an Academician in 1854, when he did not, as was customary, pay a complimentary visit to the head of the Government. When MONTALEMBERT was prosecuted, in 1858, for publishing his celebrated "Debate on India in the English House of Commons," he intrusted his defense to BERRYER; and in 1861 BERRYER was counsel for Miss PATERSON in her suit against the representatives of JEROME BONAPARTE. He allowed himself to be nominated as a candidate in 1863 for the representation of the Bouches du Rhone, and was returned along with THIERS and M. MARIE. In the Imperial Chamber of Deputies BERRYER did not take a very active part. He spoke in 1867 in favor of the French intervention in Rome, and made an indignant protest against the attacks on the French press by the Count de Kerveguen. When, recently, a movement was set on foot to erect a monument to BOUDIN, a victim of the *coup d'état*, BERRYER was one of those who came forward to subscribe publicly as a protest against the prosecutions commenced by the Government. This was the last political action of his life.

THE LATE M. PIERRE ANTOINE BERRYER, FRENCH ADVOCATE.

DR. PETERMANN

AND THE GERMAN POLAR EXPEDITION OF 1868.

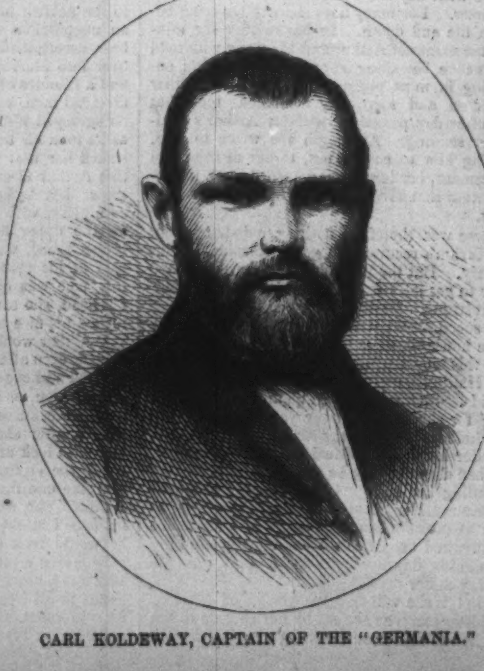
AUGUSTUS PETERMANN, the organizer of the German North Pole Expedition of 1868, and also of several African exploring expeditions, was born on the 18th of April, 1822, at Bleichrode, near the Hartz Mountains. After passing through the school in his native village he was sent, when fourteen years of age, to the Gymnasium at Nordhausen, where he showed great taste for geographical study. In 1839 he attended BERGHAUS's celebrated School of Geographic Art, in Potsdam, and made rapid progress in his favorite studies, and soon assisted the proprietor of that institution in the preparation of his Physical Atlas. After this he went, in company with LANGE, a fellow-student in BERGHAUS's institution, to Edinburgh, where both of the young men labored indefatigably on A. KEITH JOHNSTON's Physical Atlas. They made frequent excursions to the Highlands, always with a scientific object in view. PETERMANN, on leaving Edinburgh, went to London, where, through the friendship of Baron BUNSEN, at that time Prussian Embassador to the court of St. James, he was aided in his geographical plans, and formed the acquaintance of Sir ROBERT MURCHISON, SMYTH, WASHINGTON, and other distinguished geographers. PETERMANN, while in London, prepared two maps of the British Isles, one of them describing the hydrographical relations, river-plan, and net-work of railways, and the other representing all the English statistics. He was appointed Geographer to the Queen.

In 1849 PETERMANN set on foot the plan by which the English Government sent out an expedition, accompanied by several German scientific men, under the charge of BARTH, to Central Africa. BARTH's two companions, RICHARDSON and OVERWEG died in Africa, and PETERMANN reinforced the solitary traveler by sending him Dr. EDWARD VOGEL, who was at that time an assistant in BISHOP's Observatory, in Regent's Park. This expedition, notwithstanding VOGEL's sad fate, was the beginning of that brilliant series of German exploring expeditions which was conceived and organized by PETERMANN. At the solicitation of BERNHARD PERTHES, of Gotha, PETERMANN returned to Germany, and settled in Gotha, where he took charge of what is now the celebrated PERTHES's Geographical Institute. He then commenced the publication of his geographical periodical (the *Mittheilungen*), which is universally acknowledged to be without a rival. In 1860 he organized an expedition for throwing light upon the fate of the unfortunate VOGEL, and sent HEUGLIN, STEUDNER, MUNZINGER, KINZELBACH, HANSAL, and SCHUBERT in charge of it. This expedition has been of incalculable service for African exploration; but PETERMANN, not satisfied with what he had done, sent out another one under BEURMANN, with the design of crossing the desert from the north to Wadai. The brilliant results of the expeditions of GERHARD ROLFS and MAUCH, the former of whom reached the hitherto inaccessible region of the Sahara, and the latter the almost unknown border-lands of the Republic of Transvaal, likewise owe their origin to PETERMANN.

Turning his attention in another direction, he resolved on an expedition to the North Pole, and, though nobody volunteered to defray the expenses, he issued an appeal to the German people, urging them to assist in the undertaking. Advancing the money himself, he sent out the expedition, in charge of Captain CARL KOLDEWEY, on the 24th of May, 1868. After the expedition had sailed the contributions came in to such an extent that they amounted to twenty thousand dollars, which were double the total expenses of the expedition. The little vessel, the *Germania*, commanded by Captain KOLDEWEY, was only eighty tons burden, and yet, in the short space of nearly five months, she reached the highest latitude of any exploring expedition since SCORESBY, who ascended to 81° 30′. On the return of the expedition a cordial welcome awaited it at Bremen, where a dinner was given in honor of PETERMANN, and a committee was formed for the purpose of organizing a larger expedition of similar character, to be sent out in 1869. To PETERMANN's credit, it must be said that, remembering his own early struggles, he has taken a great interest in young men having the requisite skill and taste for successful exploration, and has aided them both by counsel and means.

It is Dr. PETERMANN's belief that the Pole can only be reached by the sea. His theory is that, by following the direction of the Gulf-stream—the current of warm water which passes round the north of Europe—vessels might be launched

AUGUSTUS PETERMANN, GEOGRAPHER AND EXPLORER.



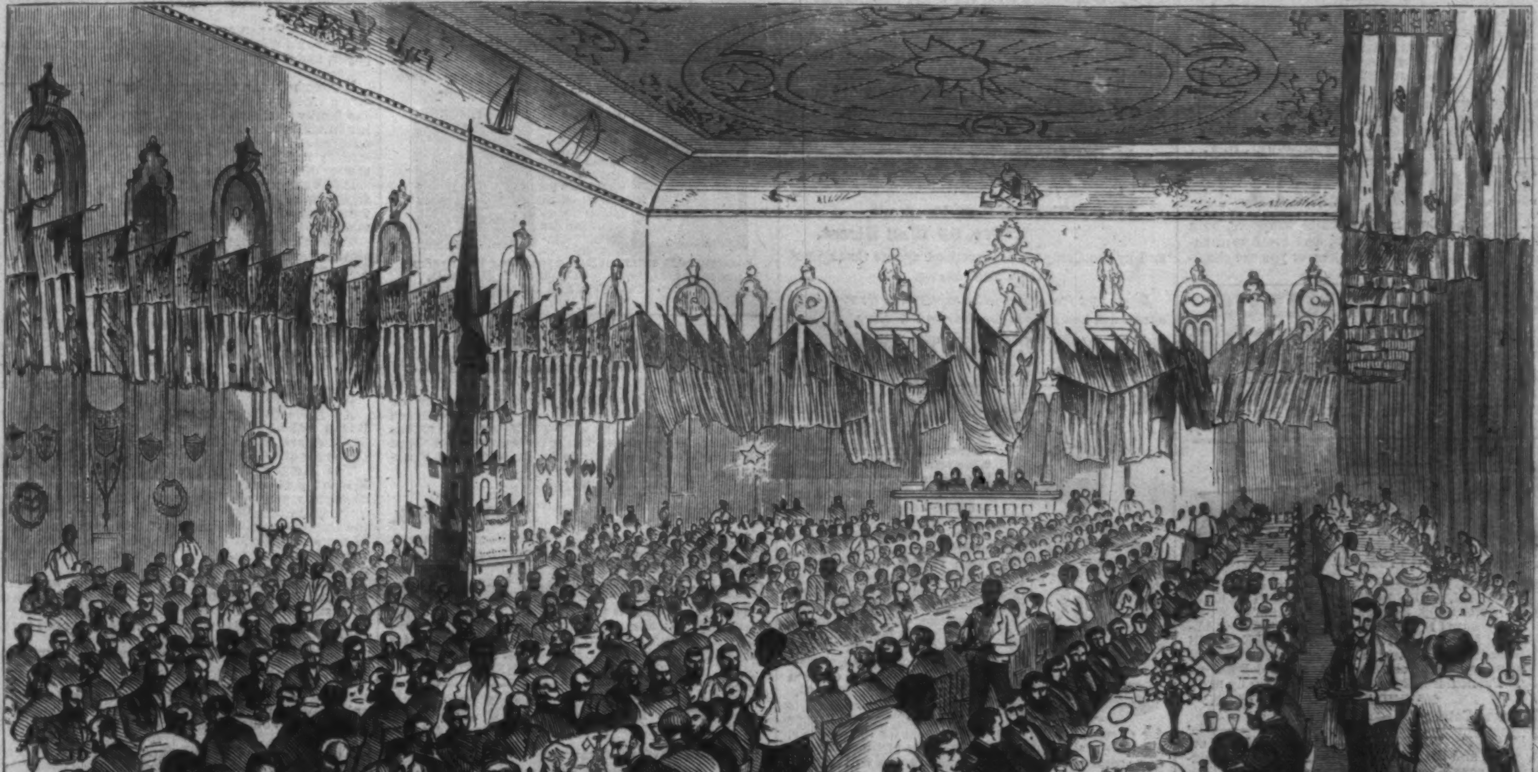
CARL KOLDEWAY, CAPTAIN OF THE "GERMANIA."

BOOTH'S NEW THEATRE, TWENTY-THIRD STREET AND SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.—Photographed by Rockwood.—[See Page 21.]

between the icebergs of Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, because on this side the danger is not so great as at Smith's Strait. On this route he expects to find the Polar Sea free above 83° and 84°.

THE ARMY REUNION AT CHICAGO.

The immense congregation of officers and soldiers assembled at Chicago on the 15th and 16th of December were representatives of our volunteer armies. Many were present who also belonged to the regular army, but they were not there on that account. This annual reunion has not, nor is it likely ever to have, any bearing upon partisan conflicts. Nevertheless it has great political significance; it is not simply the manifestation of military pride, or the expression of that fra-



THE ARMY REUNION AT CHICAGO—BANQUET IN THE HALL OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, December 16, 1868.
[Sketched by W. Long Palin.]

ternity which always exists among soldiers who have periled their lives in the same cause; it is something more—it is the intelligent recognition by our armies not only of the great work which they have accomplished, but also of the patriotic motives which called them to arms. The Chicago meeting was a token of our national strength and of national unity. General SHERMAN, in his address to the soldiers at the Opera-House, reminded them of this when he said: "Happily, my friends, you did not belong to that class of our people in whose hearts was planted from youth the pernicious doctrine of State power, that the citizens should love a part of the country better than the whole."

The armies of the Cumberland, the Ohio, the Tennessee, and of Georgia have each a separate organization, and this meeting was the reunion of all four. We give an illustration of this event on page 29. On the evening of the 16th there was a grand banquet in the hall of the Chamber of Commerce, at which General SHERMAN presided. The nine immense tables bore the devices of the generals of the various armies who participated in the celebration, together with many memorials of the late war.

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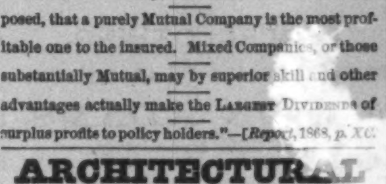

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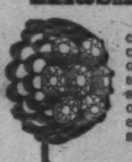

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